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The Week

AT this writing it looks as if France, Great Britain and Italy had agreed upon a common policy in the Near East and as if their policy would avoid war. It consists in returning Eastern Thrace, including Adrianople and Constantinople, to the Turks on condition that they consent to the neutralization of the Straits—under the administration and the guarantee of the League of Nations. This is far from being an ideal solution and in the near future it will probably be revised, but if it prevents a war, which might easily spread and which would increase the prolonged and intolerable suffering of the people of that region, it may be welcomed with a sigh of relief if not of satisfaction. It is supposed to safeguard the essential international interest, which is that the Straits shall hereafter not be closed to the ships of any nation in peace or war except by international agreement; and it imposes upon the

League of Nations the most important specific responsibility which that body has had an opportunity to assume. That is all to the good; but for the present it would be optimistic to anticipate that the arrangement will work. If the Turks resume effective military control of Constantinople and both shores of the Straits, the League of Nations will have to become far more powerful than it is now in order to guarantee the neutrality of the Dardanelles and its accessibility to the warships of France or Britain during a war or a massacre in which the Turks were directly or indirectly engaged.

THE difficulty of administering the old rule concerning sauce for the goose and sauce for the gander is aptly illustrated in the question of the freedom of the Straits. Mr. Lloyd George is very plaintive about the action of the Turks in closing the Straits by entering the war—"an act of perfidy which cost us dearly." A little later, however, Mr. Lloyd George took the lead in closing the Straits to Russia during the great blockade of that country—an act of perfidy to humanity. Kemal Pasha complains that during the present war the Straits were closed to him while open to the Greeks. The Greeks complain that they were not allowed to interrupt the shipment of contraband of war by the Allies to Kemal. The question of freedom of the Straits cannot be separated from that of freedom of the seas, and although that was one of the most obvious points in making the world safe for democracy for which we went to war, it was the first to be excluded from the peace.

SINCE the Near Eastern crisis began there has been, we are glad to say, little or no effective demand for intervention by this country. A few people, such as Dr. James L. Barton, did proclaim the revival of the Holy War, and demand that the United States fight on the side of civilization against barbarism. A few newspapers were mildly

disturbed because there was some serious trouble in the world which was taking place or coming to an end without the active connivance of the great American nation. A few propagandists wished the American government to call a conference to arrange a settlement, instead of leaving the immediately interested European powers to find a way out of their well-deserved perplexities. But the prevailing assumption was that the United States was under no obligation to scald itself in this particular kettle of hot water; and the assumption was justified. The Near Eastern crisis is born of competing European imperialisms, and its settlement is a regional problem in which the United States cannot intervene without becoming implicated as a partisan in competition for power.

THE special grand jury of Williamson County on the Herrin massacre has rendered its final report, after indicting two hundred and fourteen persons for murder, conspiracy, assault and riot. It reflects severely on the provocative tactics of the Southern Illinois Coal Company in introducing strikebreakers and armed guards, and in doing various illegal acts such as closing public highways. It bears more heavily still on the state administration, which in spite of the demand of its own representative on the ground, refused to take measures for the preservation of law and order. There is nothing new in either circumstance. The Coal Company acted as such corporations always do, notably in Pennsylvania and West Virginia. The state administration behaved as its predecessor behaved at East St. Louis. The actual outbreak which resulted in the horror of killing twenty-one men who had surrendered under safe conduct is brought home to the two hundred and fourteen individuals indicted.

THE special grand jury would seem to have done its duty in exceptionally difficult circumstances. One unfortunate aspect of the matter, however, is that the case for the people was financed by the Illinois Chamber of Commerce. This is one example of the assumption of the functions of government by private interests, upon which the New Republic recently commented. There is no more reason why the state of Illinois should turn to the Chamber of Commerce to finance its department of justice, than to the coal companies for the protection of private property. Naturally the vindication of the people by the grand jury of Williamson County seems to labor merely another frame-up of its leaders, as the result of "private persecution by a labor hating organization." The counsel for the miners

declares that "no member of the miners' union shall be convicted except through orderly processes set for the establishment of the guilt or innocence of the men charged with crime." No fault can be found with this. At the risk of repetition, however, we cannot help pointing out that just as the Illinois Chamber of Commerce has a legitimate function in guarding against law breaking among its own members, so labor unions have a high responsibility for the preservation of law and order by theirs. This is particularly the case when, as in Herrin, the local government is in their hands and public sentiment is in their favor.

AMERICAN labor has every reason to be grateful to Judge Wilkerson for making permanent his original injunction without doing anything to mitigate its defiance of the declared will of Congress and the Constitution of the United States. It is of the utmost importance that the Supreme Court shall have an opportunity of passing on this attempt to substitute government by arbitrary judicial discretion for the law of the land. Judge Wilkerson might by modifying the terms of the injunction have evaded a final determination of the issue which he himself had raised, and left a way at some future time for a repetition of the offence. But no evasion seems possible now. The Supreme Court will have an opportunity of passing on the injunction just as it came hot from the Attorney General and the district court, and its decision will, we trust, render it impossible for any future combination of attorney general and district judge to abuse in just this way the equity jurisdiction of the federal courts.

MR. HARDING'S veto of the thoroughly unprincipled bonus legislation affords another illustration of the advantages under American conditions of presidential action as a check upon congressional government. An executive which was dependent upon Congress would, of course, have succumbed to the overwhelming disposition of its members to favor the bonus. Yet if the executive had yielded it would have yielded not to a popular majority but to an aggressive minority. The disposition of congressmen and senators to favor the bill merely meant that the voters who wanted the bonus would have voted against its opponents at the next election, whereas those who did not want it would not necessarily have voted against its declared advocates. The minority in each district or state which favored the gratuity could thus coerce its representative to work on behalf of the bill instead of against it. But the great majority in favor of the

bill never represented any corresponding majority among the voters. The President in vetoing it acted as the spokesman and the representative of the country as a whole; and this according to the theory of the Constitution is the way in which he is supposed to act. But sometimes he misses his step.

THE New Republic calls special attention to the communication in another column from Powers Hapgood with reference to the situation of the striking miners in Somerset County, Pennsylvania. These men joined the recent strike and organized for the first time. As a non-union field Somerset County has always been used by the operators to weaken the force of a general coal strike. To prevent its unionization was one of the chief reasons for their refusal of a national settlement. Companies which have accepted the Cleveland agreement for other properties have refused to settle with the newly organized workers of Somerset County mines. These men and their families have been evicted from their homes, and are living in tents, on rations contributed by those who understand the vital significance of their position. They are the victims of such illegal constraint as was reported in the New Republic for June 14th, and of such attack as is instanced in Mr. Hapgood's letter. Mr. Hapgood is a recent graduate of Harvard who has studied the coal situation throughout the country, working himself as a miner. On his young shoulders rests the chief burden of caring for these men and their families. The New Republic will be glad to act as his agent in collecting and forwarding at his call any sums contributed by its readers.

IN an editorial on September 19th, the New York Evening Post characterizes the criticism by the New Republic of the Railroad Labor Board as "undeserved." We are charged with overlooking decisions favorable to the unions that were from time to time made by the Board, and with misinterpreting others of its rulings. The facts do not support the Post's contention. It is true that the Board ruled on occasions in favor of the unions. But it is also true that the more important of such rulings were openly violated by many powerful railway executives and that none of these violations met with such prompt and effective denunciation as did the strike by the railroad workers last July. The Post must surely be able to distinguish between effective and ineffective decisions. Probably the most important single decision of the Board, designed to procure a fair election of the workers'

representatives on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was applauded in these columns last summer, but it was never enforced. It may be that the Post sees the solution of the problem of industrial relations in the organization of "company unions," after the Pennsylvania pattern. Such a solution the New Republic cannot regard with favor.

WHEN, further, the Post states that the shop crafts themselves applauded the abrogation of national agreements, it again fails to dig below the surface of things. The railway unions, like all unions, have everything to gain from the fair application of the principle of standardization. For this reason all of the transportation unions were very glad indeed to enter with the United States Railroad Administration into the so-called national agreements. And they continued to be glad as long as national agreements had the effect of preserving or raising standards. With the coming of the Labor Board, however, the national agreements became the means of depressing standards. Rather than expose themselves to a process of downward standardization, the unions preferred to take their chances with individual systems or with individual roads, and to save what they could from the wreck. Perhaps it is correct to describe this attitude, as the Post does, as one of opposition to national agreements. To us it seems no more than one element in the general protest against the deflation policy of the Board.

THE New Republic has received further correspondence relating to the case of John Yerob, deported from the United States under the Wilson administration and now seeking repatriation. A reader writing to Mr. E. J. Henning, Assistant Secretary of Labor, was informed that Yerob's marriage took place after his arrest, and while his deportation was pending. Mrs. Wieck, who first called attention to the case in an article in the New Republic of August 2nd informs us that the date of Yerob's marriage certificate is April 7, 1919. The arrest took place on March 31, 1920. Although the date of Yerob's marriage has no legal bearing on his case, yet the statement that his marriage occurred after the issuance of the deportation order naturally operates to diminish sympathy for him. It is an illustration of the way in which the government frames cases against inconvenient applicants for redress. President Harding was party to such a misleading of the public when he implied that certain of the I. W. W. war prisoners were proved guilty of advocating the overthrow of the government by force and violence.

America as the Promised Land

AMERICAN opinion and behavior of today betray some perplexing anomalies. What, for instance, is the clue to the political state of mind of the American people? The long procession of primary elections apparently indicates the existence in different states of curiously contradictory trends in American opinion. In Wisconsin an uncompromising radical, who during the war and after the one hundred percent patriots denounced as a traitor and who was nearly expelled from the Senate, won by an overwhelming majority the Republican nomination for senator. The Republicans of Maryland renominated another senator who has espoused unpopular causes, has specialized in the attempt to reopen trading relations with the Soviet Republic and rendered plausible the charge of his opponent that he is a Bolshevik sympathizer. In Iowa the Republicans also selected a candidate whose opponents classified him as a dangerous radical, but whose radicalism was chiefly concerned with domestic issues. On the other hand Michigan, Maine, Ohio and Massachusetts have all selected Republican candidates for senator to whom the mildest liberalism is abhorrent, while a former Progressive who was chosen by the Republicans of Indiana for the same office considered it necessary to earn his nomination by testifying in various ways to an impeccable conservatism. Contrasts such as these might seem to indicate the existence of a struggle between powerful opposing forces in American opinion and to prophesy an impending clash between conservatism and radicalism. But the appearance is deceptive. They are not born of any warm, vital and widespread popular political discussion. On the contrary their significance is local and personal. They are to be explained by the absence rather than the presence among the American people of confident and definite political conviction. There are no dominant tides running in public opinion—no impulses which carry many people along on a flood of revolt, of fear, of decision or of hopeful anticipation.

Yet we cannot attribute this want of positive conviction and of earnest discussion to any corresponding want of an occasion for it or the heed of it. The American nation is confronted on every side by troublesome economic and political problems which are pressing for some kind of sincere and intelligent treatment. The war has destroyed the old balance of social and economic forces both here and abroad; and it is a most serious question whether the modern industrial state can set up and adjust a new balance without a long interregnum of disorder and distress. American society is for

the time being more stable and prosperous than any European society, but its stability and prosperity are far from secure. It is pursued by the same unmanageable problems, and at present it is equally helpless in attempting to deal with them.

The fact is that the American nation is suffering from a mental and moral shock, which is temporarily paralyzing its ability to consider the realities of its situation and even to try intelligently to control its future. There is a profound maladjustment between the condition of the world today and the mental equipment of the American nation for dealing with it. This maladjustment had begun to show itself before the Great War, but the form and the amount of the existing discrepancy are the direct consequence of that catastrophe. The European peoples suffered far more severely and tangibly from the war than did the American people; but it dealt to the American people an indirect and intangible spiritual wound from whose consequences it may be as difficult to recover. What the war did was to confuse for the American people the meaning of their national ideal, and the confusion and hesitation have obscured their traditional landmarks and impaired their instinctive faiths.

Despite the changed map of Europe that the war brought about, despite its overthrow of empires, its substitution of new nations, its devastation of countries, its appalling destruction of human life and its intensification of class and national hatreds—despite all these things and the chaos that reigns throughout much of Europe today, the war nevertheless brought to Europe a kind of fulfillment—the fulfillment at least of an ancient foreboding. The European peoples knew from their own experience that the world was a place in which such tragedies happen. But for the American people it was a sudden and violent interruption, a distraction, an uprooting, a perversion. Intellectually and morally Europe was prepared for the war. The period of neutrality notwithstanding, the United States was not; and the violent and prodigious preparation which we made after we entered was spiritually abortive. The war demanded of Europeans the painful gathering of a harvest which they had planted and whose ripening they had dreaded for years. But it demanded of Americans an awakening to unimagined realities, a shedding of outworn illusions, a stupendous readjustment, a transformation of spirit—in short, the imagination and absorption of a revised political and social outlook.

The moral cohesion of the American nation is the product of a social and political faith as authentic as the flag and as distinctively national. The ordinary patriotic American has conceived his

country to be the Promised Land and its deserving citizens earmarked for prosperity and well-being by the order of the universe. The Fathers of the Republic had solved for their successors the fundamental problems of political and social adjustment. They had created a commonwealth which promised to be indefinitely progressive in behavior as a consequence of being consciously conservative in institutions and fundamental convictions. This conception of the American Republic as a haven in which human beings after centuries of wearisome and abortive struggles against an adverse environment could relax and could trust in the bounty of nature, in the excellence of their institutions and in the virtue, under new world conditions, of their fellow human beings, worked in the popular mind. It became a living faith which was partly vindicated by the relatively large amount of well-being actually enjoyed by a majority of the American people. It appealed powerfully to the imagination of the ordinary man who wished to improve his own condition in life and was only too ready to believe in a new world which was prejudiced in favor of giving to him what he wanted. It filled him with a prospect of better things—a strange and precious consciousness of living reputably and hopefully in a kindly social and economic environment—one which liberated his goodwill, stimulated his self-respect, and tended during its period of complete domination to create an American society after its own image.

The war and its results have extinguished this traditional American faith. Even before it broke out the conception of America as a Promised Land had lost its primitive innocence, and there was an increasing body of consciously progressive opinion which considered the traditional combination of optimism and fatalism as untrue and as finally destructive of American national fulfillment. But since the war this scepticism has ceased to be the possession of a few progressives and has pervaded the popular consciousness. Conservatives as well as liberals or radicals and wage-earners or farmers as well as capitalists read every morning in the newspapers sufficient testimony that the world is a place in which things, when left to destiny, have a perverse tendency to go wrong. They may and usually do not know what ought to be done. In so far as they know, or think they know, what ought to be done, they usually differ irreconcilably one from another about what it is. But at least they no longer believe in Manifest Destiny. They no longer cherish an illusion that the American nation is appointed to engage in the exhilarating sport of sliding down hill into a happy valley.

The practical extinction of the traditional conviction of the fulfillment of human life in America

as a matter of Manifest Destiny is, we believe, the first fact of dominant importance in explaining the prevailing American state of mind. The other important fact is that the large room in the American mind, formerly occupied by Manifest Destiny, is now vacant. There is nothing at present to take its place which exercises or is entitled to exercise anything like the same fascination over the imagination of American people. Reformers both conservative and radical, who themselves have long since ceased to believe in Manifest Destiny have proposed to substitute for it remedial programs which were intended to deal with some of the specific evils, such as poverty, war, class hatred, social unrest, intolerance and popular ignorance, whose insistent intrusion into the Promised Land was depriving its pretensions of any plausibility. But these specific programs do not serve the purpose. They have been tried in many instances and they have not proved to be as remedial as they were advertised to be. But whether remedial or not, they certainly do not and cannot occupy the place in the American patriotic imagination formerly occupied by Manifest Destiny. They do not arouse the kind of interest and faith which take possession of the will of a people, dominate their consciousness, mould their behavior, and supply their national life with moral impulse and cohesion.

The American people have in the past been greatly blessed in the nature of the binder which gave cohesion to their national life. More than any other people in the world they have derived their unity not from geographical necessity, nor even from the allegiance of their people to honored traditions and symbols. They have been bound together by a fundamental community of outlook. The consequence is that if the present confusion and distraction of mind continue the American nation will head towards political disintegration. Some fight to a finish will tear it to pieces—some fight between town and country, industry and agriculture, labor and capital. And as the result of such a fight our democracy will certainly perish as it came so near to perishing during the Civil War. American democracy is bound up with American political unity. American political unity is the child ultimately of American moral unity. If the American people cannot recover an effective community and confidence of mind, their liberties will suffer from the inevitable results of disunion; and any order which they can impose on their society will no longer be sanctioned by consent.

The most important task which confronts patriotic Americans is that of assisting in the recovery of a common and confident national consciousness; and the task is not as difficult as it seems. For there remains latent in the minds of ordinary

Americans a common outlook which the war and its results have obscured, but which has not, like Manifest Destiny, been wholly extinguished. When the shock of the war and its disappointments has passed they will recover their conception of America as a Promised Land, compared to Europe or Asia, but as a land whose promise shall be artfully and intentionally rather than mechanically fulfilled. Instead of trusting their common life to a supposed automatic harmony between the individual and the public interest, they will understand the need of building up their common life by gradually and patiently educating themselves in the art of living adequately and living together. The fulfillment of their national promise will then cease to be associated with the development of a new continent and will become an exploration of the undeveloped possibilities of human nature—an exploration which if it is intelligently and systematically conducted will demand physiological and psychological inquiry, social experiment, literary and artistic expression, and in the end something in the nature of a religious regeneration.

What To Do

NOW that the coal and rail strikes are ended, a rational people should begin to think how a recurrence of similar crises can be prevented. Clearly it is not by crippling trade unions, by prohibiting strikes, or by compulsory arbitration. It is not by physical force or by legal coercions. As long as coal mines and railroads are privately owned or operated, strikes in them must be permitted; and, even if publicly owned and operated, their employees must be free to join in unions. The promise of better conditions lies in industrial sanitation—not in dosing.

First: Trade unionism should be formally accepted; and all war upon it, direct and indirect, by employers should cease. Unions should be free, at all times and under all circumstances, to use with other workers any form of persuasion (as distinguished from coercion) to join their unions. Non-union workers should be protected against coercion; but never by or through the employer, or by any act or proceeding brought or done in the employer's interest. Protection should be afforded to the non-union man only by action or proceedings instigated and conducted by himself or on his behalf by the state.

Second: The use by the employer of private detectives and private armed guards, and the employer's resort to the injunction, should be discontinued. It should be recognized that such remedies can lead only to more war. Civil redress by

the employer should be had only through actions for damages; and violations of the criminal law should be rigorously prosecuted by the state. Even on behalf of the state or nation, the injunction should never be used as a remedy, or to prevent the commission of acts which are criminal. Like most "easier ways" the use of the injunction in this connection is fraught with evil and grave dangers. The resources of the state in the criminal law are ample, if its administration is made effective. There may, conceivably, be instances where the non-union man should have protection by injunction against trade union oppression; but the occasions for intervention would be few.

Third: Such enlargement of the rights of unions and the discontinuance of the use of of detectives, armed guards, and injunctions, may seem to involve great danger to property and great loss and inconvenience to the public. In fact, the loss would be much less than it is now. For the withdrawal of the present delusive protection against labor union excesses would have this effect:

(a) It would tend to remove the all-pervading, irritating causes of discontent. The general conviction that the powers of government are perverted by and for the employers would fade. The deep sense of injustice suffered even in the courts would be overcome. If trade unions are convicted of wrongful acts only by juries belief in the impartiality of courts will be restored. The curb upon trade union action should be administered by courts only through proceedings in which disputed facts are determined by juries.

(b) It would tend to effort on the part of the employer to ascertain and to remove or minimize the substantive causes of discontent. The existence of the present delusive protection operates as a strong incentive to arbitrariness and inconsiderateness on the employers' part, and as a discourager of constructive thought. Ninetenths of the injustices in industrial life of which workers complain in this country could be removed by persistent application of the inventive mind to the situations involved in the relation of employer and employee. But for the delusive "easier ways," necessity would prove itself the mother of invention also in the social-industrial field.

(c) It would tend to correct conditions which now leave the employer and the community exposed to serious loss through arbitrariness on the part of unions. The present delusive protection invites arbitrariness, because it encourages employers and the community to omit to provide the only real means of protection. Ordinarily, we insure ourselves against every conceivable

able loss, whether by accident, by error, or by the wrong-doing of others. We do not provide merely for money indemnity, we provide for insurance in kind:—by the spare part or tire; by the factor of safety in bicycle or bridge; by the safety deposit box and the registered bond. But we fail to store adequate quantities of coal and pig iron, duly distributed, or to keep in adequate repair an ample supply of cars and locomotives. We invite arbitrariness by creating conditions under which a relatively short interruption of work must prove embarrassing.

Moreover investors of ordinary prudence have learned to insure against accident, error or wrong-doing by not putting all their eggs into one basket. But our unreasoned passion for bigness and for integration has led us to disregard in social-industrial life that wise warning. Safety lies in industrial, financial and territorial decentralization with protective federation. It lies in maintaining independent substitutes; in the small unit; and in diversifying the sources of supply and the instruments of service. Society should insure against arbitrariness on the part of coal barons or miners by further development of hydro-electric power and the alternative use of oil. It should insure against arbitrariness on the part of rail executives or workers by further development of water transportation, and the trolley, the automobile and the air service. Another way out is a mighty curb on arbitrariness.

Fourth: If the all pervading, irritating causes of discontent and the specific unnecessary injustices due to inconsiderateness and want of thought on the employer's part are removed, as above indicated, the field of necessary conflict of interest between employers and employees will be narrowed to manageable proportions, and the temper of the parties will be such that reasonable adjustment will, ordinarily, be possible. If, in the exceptional case, adjustment as a result of negotiation proves not to be attainable, the remedy lies, not in force, physical or legal, but in passive resistance. The sure remedy for the arbitrary demand of an excessive price for an article or for a service is doing without. Employers and consumers, as well as employees, must have courage; and they must exhibit their powers of endurance, when emergencies arise. Walls, mercenaries and laws have never succeeded in affording for long protection to a fear-ridden, comfort-loving people. Employer and consumer must show that they love justice and independence more than they do goods or ease. The exercise of these qualities, the true preparedness indicated above and, if need be, rigorous enforcement of the criminal law is the democratic way out.

Who Should Go to College

THE first gun in the academic engagement of 1922-23 was fired by President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth College. In an address to the student body on the opening of the college year he asserted that too many men go to college, that it is necessary "to define the individuals to whom in justice to the public good the privilege shall be extended, and to specify those from whom the privilege should be withheld." He deprecated the use of the college to define an aristocracy of birth or wealth. "There is, however," he continued, "such a thing as an aristocracy of brains made up of men intellectually alert and intellectually eager, to whom, increasingly, the opportunities of higher education ought to be restricted, if democracy is to become a quality product rather than simply a quantity one, and if excellence and effectiveness are to displace the mediocrity towards which democracy has such a tendency to skid."

Under the encouragement of the daily press there has developed a brisk counter-attack, which either starts from different premises, or shifts them in process. Thus Chancellor E. E. Brown, of New York University, calls attention to the need of industrial, agricultural and sanitary engineers; while Dr. Sidney E. Mezes, of the College of the City of New York, glibly assumes that "college trained" means "well trained." So far as the controversy is serious it would seem to rest on a fundamental difference of view as to what education is, and what part in it the college plays. There are two objects sought in education, usually to the exclusion one of the other. In one case the effort is to transmit and enforce a certain tradition, it may be of religion or culture or patriotism or social organization. In the other, the attempt is to train the mind to a disinterested search for truth. Clearly if we accept the first definition we shall arrive at the conclusion that such effective organs as the colleges are for the strengthening and beautifying of tradition should be frequented by as large a number of men and women as possible. From this point of view the threatened crowding out of the pass men by the honor men at the English universities is a national calamity, for the pass men have borne as conspicuous a part in upholding the traditions of English life as the honor men, and a far greater part in extending the influence of these traditions throughout the world. That President Hopkins does not accept this definition may be inferred from the closing passages of his address, in which he contrasted the spirit of truth with the spirit of propaganda. "The college ambition," he finely said, "is that its men may be

consecrated to the spirit of truth." In his deprecation of the spirit of propaganda as a legacy from the war, he may have reflected that the colleges were among the easiest victims of that spirit, and one reason for this was the fact that they were so largely composed, both faculties and student bodies, of men to whom tradition and shibboleth make immediate and uncritical appeal.

The question remains what part the college should bear in a general scheme of education. Mr. W. H. Allen, in a suggestive comment on President Hopkins's address, remarks that "it is hard to see how Dartmouth can urge an aristocracy of brains when society's need is not so much for a high quality of brains as for a high quality of character and capacity to use whatever of brains one possesses." He points out the evident value to society of such courses given at Dartmouth as those in Problems of Citizenship and in Evolution, the former of which teaches students how to discriminate in reading, and understand "the great problems of life which lie about them and with which they must be prepared to cope as individuals, as members of society, and as citizens"; the latter, "to review the more fundamental facts of world growth; the growth of man as an individual and as a race; the scientific method of inquiry; the creative power of cooperative action" etc. "If higher education has any justification," urges Mr. Allen, "certainly these two required courses ought not to be denied to character aristocracy, purpose aristocracy, and personality aristocracy." Certainly. But Mr. Allen, we think, proves too much. Such courses, or rather the educational results sought in them, should not be denied to the character, purpose and personality of democracy. They are, as Professor Dewey shows in his article on Education as Politics in this number of the New Republic, vital to the very existence of democracy. They should not be restricted to the colleges, but made a part of an education much more general than the colleges, even with the most liberal provision, can offer. It may be presumed that the appearance of these courses almost simultaneously in so many college curricula is in recognition of a lack of such training in more elementary education, and of the absolute necessity of it.

If we are to look to the colleges alone for that education in character and purpose which is necessary to the survival of a nation, or for that judgment and discrimination between truth and propaganda which will keep a people from yielding to exploitation of itself or from becoming a menace to the world, our hope is indeed small. How little the colleges contribute to these ends at present is obvious. Indeed the indictment brought

against our current schooling by Professor Dewey in the article referred to lies most heavily against the college. "It not only does little to make discriminating intelligence a safeguard against surrender to the invasion of bunk, especially in its most dangerous form—social and political bunk—but it does much to favor susceptibility to a welcoming reception of it."

We think that President Hopkins is altogether right in attributing the weakness of our colleges to their present inclusiveness, and the consequent dilution of their product. The colleges in America have always acted as recruiting stations for an aristocracy. So long as that aristocracy was determined by the possession of a formal and systematic culture, they were at least loyal to the conception of education as the transmitting of an elegant and dignified tradition. With the passing of that culture, college education has retained as a superstition much of the popular reverence which attached to it as a religion. As President Hopkins puts it: "Too often men reported to be seeking an education are only seeking membership in a social organization which has a reputation for affording an education." But the American college cannot long remain in the region of uncertainty with regard to itself and false pretenses toward the world without becoming useless if not dangerous to the life of the community. It must become specialized with reference to its aim if not to its method and subject matter. We agree with President Hopkins that such specialization of function necessarily means the more rigid selection and stricter limitation of its membership to men and women of higher capacity and consecration.

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Education as Politics

MATTHEW ARNOLD somewhere quotes with approval the saying of a French writer that the chief advantage of education is the assurance it gives of not being duped. A more positive statement is that the profit of education is the ability it gives to discriminate, to make distinctions that penetrate below the surface. One may not be able to lay hold of the realities beneath the froth and foam, but at least one who is educated does not take the latter to be the realities; one knows that there is a difference between sound and sense, between what is emphatic and what is distinctive, between what is conspicuous and what is important.

Judged by this criterion education is not only backward but it is retrograding. This is the era of bunk and hokum—there is more of it in quantity, its circulation is more rapid and ceaseless, it is swallowed more eagerly and more indiscriminately than ever before. The reasons, of course, for the present reign of bunkum in human affairs are external rather than in any inherent deterioration of intellect and character. Until the last generation or so, the mass of men have been interested for the most part only in local matters, in things and people right about them. For the most part their convictions and thinking had to do with affairs of which they had some direct experience. Their range might be limited, but within it they had shrewdness and employed judgment. They were undoubtedly as gullible about remoter things as people are today. But these remoter things did not come within their scope of action. It made little difference what notions they entertained about them; they were hardly more than material for yarns.

The railway, telegraph, telephone and cheap printing press have changed all that. Rapid transportation and communication have compelled men to live as members of an extensive and mainly unseen society. The self-centred locality has been invaded and largely destroyed. Men have to act in view of remote economic and political conditions, and they have to have some notions about the latter upon which to base their actions. Since their notions influence conduct, beliefs are now something more than fancies and entertainments; their correctness is a matter of moment. At the same time, it has become an object for some men to influence the beliefs the masses hold; control has become less a matter of established habits and more a matter of opinions. Control opinion and you control, for the time being at least, the direction

of social action. Cheap printing and cheap distribution afford the opportunity to put the control of opinion into effect. Given the new curiosity and the new need of knowing about distant affairs on the one hand and the interest in controlling their exercise on the other, and the era of bunk, of being systematically duped, of indiscriminating sentiment and belief, is ushered in.

Carlyle was no lover of democracy. But in a lucid moment he once declared that when the printing press was invented democracy was inevitable. Cheap printing made it necessary to take the public into partnership in governmental affairs; it extended the number as well as the geographical area included in a particular political society. It converted the theory of government by consent of the governed into a reality. But the conversion did not guarantee the sort of thing to which consent is given; it did not guarantee—as Walter Lippmann has so ably pointed out—that the policies to which consent was given should be in fact what they are in form or that they should correspond with the realities of the situation.

The industrial revolution made necessary the forms of consulting the "voice of the people." But printing and circulation also made it easier to induce the people to speak loudly on unreal issues, and by very multitude of clamor to conceal facts and divert attention. It is as idle therefore to attack democracy at large as it is to eulogize it at large. As a current form of government it does not spring from personal desire or from opinion: it came about through external forces that changed the conditions of contact and intercourse among men. What needs consideration and criticism is the quality of popular government, not the fact of its existence. Its quality is inseparably bound up with the quality of the ideas and information which are circulated and to which belief adheres.

Doubtless the régime of propaganda brought on by the war has had much to do with forcing upon us recognition of the dominant rôle in social control of material put in circulation by the press. The bulk and the careful organization of propaganda are testimony to two outstanding facts: the new necessity governments are under of enlisting popular interest and sentiment; and the possibility of exciting and directing that interest by a judiciously selected supply of "news." But the vogue of propaganda is more significant in calling attention to the basic fact than it is in constituting that fact. As against one item in circulation that rep-

resents deliberately invented or consciously colored fact there are a dozen items that represent prejudice and ignorance due to laziness, inertia of custom and prior mental habits caused by bad education.

Human psychology is such that we attribute to conscious design and set purpose most of the bad consequences to which attention is suddenly called. That is one chief reason why reformers so frequently fail. Real causes of the evils against which they contend usually lie much deeper than the conscious intentions and voluntary plans of the individuals against whom they direct their efforts. Consequently they are dealing with symptoms rather than with forces. What Mr. Lippmann has so well called stereotypes are more responsible for confusion and error in the public mind than is consciously invented and distorted news. Those who are most concerned in setting in social movement or circulation the material which blinds and misleads the public, themselves more than half believe the tenor of what is given out; they share the intellectual confusion and ignorance which they propagate. Acting upon the belief that the end justifies the means, it is easy to add the spice, the emphasis, the exaggeration, the suggestions which will convey to the mass what they themselves conceive to be fundamentally true.

Back of the education supplied by print and news is, in short, the earlier and deeper education which influences equally those who give out the news and those who subscribe to what is given out. We are brought back to our original statement. Our schooling does not educate, if by education be meant a trained habit of discriminating inquiry and discriminating belief, the ability to look beneath a floating surface to detect the conditions that fix the contour of the surface, and the forces which create its waves and drifts. We dupe ourselves and others because we have not that inward protection against sensation, excitement, credulity and conventionally stereotyped opinion which is found only in a trained mind.

This fact determines the fundamental criticism to be levelled against current schooling, against what passes as an educational system. It not only does little to make discriminating intelligence a safeguard against surrender to the invasion of bunk, especially in its most dangerous form—social and political bunk—but it does much to favor susceptibility to a welcoming reception of it. There appear to be two chief causes for this ineptitude. One is the persistence, in the body of what is taught, of traditional material which is irrelevant to present conditions—subject-matter of instruction which though valuable in some past period is so remote from the perplexities and issues of present life that

its mastery, even if fairly adequate, affords no resource for discriminating insight, no protection against being duped in facing the emergencies of today. From the standpoint of this criterion of education, a large portion of current material of instruction is simply aside from the mark. The specialist in any one of the traditional lines is as likely to fall for social bunk even in its extreme forms of economic and nationalistic propaganda as the unschooled person; in fact his credulity is the more dangerous because he is so much more vociferous in its proclamation and so much more dogmatic in its assertion. Our schools send out men meeting the exigencies of contemporary life clothed in the chain-armor of antiquity, and priding themselves on the awkwardness of their movements as evidences of deep wrought, time tested convictions.

The other way in which schooling fosters an indiscriminating gulping mental habit, eager to be duped, is positive. It consists in a systematic, almost deliberate, avoidance of the spirit of criticism in dealing with history, politics and economics. There is an implicit belief that this avoidance is the only way by which to produce good citizens. The more indiscriminatingly the history and institutions of one's own nation are idealized, the greater is the likelihood, so it is assumed, that the school product will be a loyal patriot, a well equipped good citizen. If the average boy and girl could be walled off from all ideas and information about social affairs save those acquired in school, they would enter upon the responsibilities of social membership in complete ignorance that there are any social problems, any political evils, any industrial defects. They would go forth with a supreme confidence that the way lies open to all, and that the sole cause of failure in business, family life or citizenship lies in some personal deficiency in character. The school is even more indurated from a frank acknowledgment of social ills than the pulpit—which is saying a good deal. And like the pulpit it compensates for its avoidance of discussion of social difficulties by a sentimental dwelling upon personal vices.

The effect is to send students out into actual life in a condition of acquired and artificial innocence. Such perceptions as they may have of the realities of social struggles and problems they have derived incidentally, by the way, and without the safeguards of intelligent acquaintance with facts and impartially conducted discussion. It is no wonder that they are ripe to be gulled, or that their attitude is one which merely perpetuates existing confusion, ignorance, prejudice and credulity. Reaction from this impossibly naïve idealization of institutions as they are produces indifference and

cynicism. It is astonishing that the professed conservative moulders of public opinion take so little notice of the widespread cynicism of the mass at the present time. They are even more credulous than those whom they appear, superficially, to dupe. This attitude of indifference and opposition is now passive and unorganized. But it exists as a direct result of the disillusionment caused by the contrast between things as they are actually found to be and things as they had been taught in the schools. Some day some more or less accidental event will crystallize the scattered indifference and discontent into an active form, and all the carefully built up bulwarks of social reactions will be washed out. But unfortunately there is little likelihood that the reaction against reaction will be more discriminating than the previous state of things. It too will be blind, credulous, fatalistic, confused.

It seems almost hopeless to name the remedy, for it is only a greater confidence in intelligence, in scientific method. But the "only" marks something infinitely difficult of realization. What will happen if teachers become sufficiently courageous and emancipated to insist that education means the creation of a discriminating mind, a mind that prefers not to dupe itself or to be the dupe of others? Clearly they will have to cultivate the habit of suspended judgment, of scepticism, of desire for evidence, of appeal to observation rather than sentiment, discussion rather than bias, inquiry rather than conventional idealizations. When this happens schools will be the dangerous outposts of a humane civilization. But they will also begin to be supremely interesting places. For it will then have come about that education and politics are one and the same thing because politics will have to be in fact what it now pretends to be, the intelligent management of social affairs.

JOHN DEWEY.

Sophistry

The triviality of Death, he said,

Confronts us in the dropping of a leaf.

He would not ever give himself to grief,
Or keep the silence with uncovered head.

There was no consummation in the grim

Wedding of earth to earth, in which we bear

Unwilling witness; tears and the despair
Of leave-taking were mockery to him.

Once to a house bereaved he came and said:

Let in the sunlight, pinch these candles out!

How should a man be sorry, brought to bed

By such a well-earned weariness! . . . No doubt
He rests in God. But for our faith he might,
Dying, have made not quite so good a fight.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

The Federal Valuation of the Railroads

THE theory of public utility regulation is a modern product—scarcely a generation old—and its corollary, public utility valuation, is still younger. The father of the valuation idea is the late governor Pingree of Michigan, who distinguished himself as the first man to initiate and direct the fight against the corporations of that state in the interests of the people. In one of the public parks of Detroit the citizens have erected a monument to his memory which bears an inscription to this effect. His special achievement was to place upon the statute books a law fixing the rate of taxation which the railroads must pay. This made a valuation of the properties necessary, and those to whom the task was assigned had little precedent to guide them. Since that time many valuations have been made throughout the country of railroads and other public utilities properties for various purposes—for taxation, for public purchase, for fixing stock and bond issues and for assistance in determining the reasonableness of rates. During this time valuation suits have occupied the attention of courts and commissions time without end, and engineers, lawyers and experts have waxed fat on endless litigation which has produced certain basic court rulings, especially in cases involving the determination of the reasonableness of rates. In the practical application of these decisions, however, the theory of valuation has advanced little beyond the point where the Michigan engineers found it twenty or twenty-five years ago.

Courts and commissions have ruled, time and again, that a public utility property is entitled to earn a "fair return" on a "reasonable investment," yet a generation of endeavor has failed to produce a satisfactory definition of the second, although the first seems fairly well settled. The regulation theory proceeds upon the ground that a monopoly of certain public rights is granted and therefore the return must be closely restricted, but must be liberal enough to attract capital. Investors in such properties now know that, whatever the amount of their "reasonable investment" may be, they can expect no more than a five, six or possibly seven or eight percent return. It now seems settled that more than these percentages, depending on quite a variety of conditions, will not be "fair." Years ago the investors in the securities of public utilities corporations gave up all idea of speculative profit—such profit as might be derived from investment in private enterprise. No twenty or fifty

percent dividends are possible for them as for the more fortunate investors in other fields. Yet no guarantee goes with such an investment any more than with an investment in Dupont or Bethlehem Steel. It is not our purpose to enter into a discussion of the fairness of return on invested capital, but rather to take up the second question involved in the court rulings—the “reasonable investment”—and here valuation comes into play.

The Interstate Commerce Commission had long been confronted with the task of adjusting railroad rates in fairness to all concerned, but it labored under the handicap of being without definite and accurate knowledge of the amount of the investment upon which it was expected to regulate the rate of return—hence, the Valuation Act of 1913, an Amendment to the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887. In passing this law it was clearly the intent of Congress to provide for a usable set of figures that would demonstrate what the railroads of the country are really worth from all angles: their commercial value, their physical value, the value of their securities—a valuation that could be arrived at with the expenditure of a reasonable amount of money in a reasonable length of time. The committees on Interstate Commerce of both branches of Congress gave the matter most serious consideration prior to reporting the Amendment that was finally passed. They summoned expert advice from all quarters—from the railroads, from state commissions, from authorities on economics, from engineers who had had previous experience in conducting valuations in different states, from lawyers and from business men. The committee hearings lasted many days and the printed record of their doings fills a good sized book.

It was upon an estimated expenditure of something like three or four million dollars and two or three years time that Congress undertook the work. The nine years and more that have now elapsed, however, have as yet produced no single final valuation and have settled but few of the theoretical points involved. Up to date the work has cost approximately eighty million dollars and will undoubtedly cost a hundred million before it is finished. The representatives of the government are continually at loggerheads with the representatives of the railroads on the interpretation of the Amendment, but in point of fact there is nothing wrong with the Valuation Amendment. It is capable of intelligent, workable interpretation if those responsible for carrying out its provisions and those for whom they are being carried out care so to interpret it. It was drawn in good faith and proceeds upon the theory that effort will be

made to conform with the spirit as well as the letter of the text, and that a degree of fairness will be exhibited in so doing. The framers of the Act did not, probably, anticipate that hair-splitting controversy would develop over the exact meaning of this or that paragraph, as has been the case for the past nine years.

In the spring of 1920 Congress passed the Transportation Act which, among other provisions, required the Interstate Commerce Commission to work out a freight and passenger rate for the railroads that would produce a net operating income of $5\frac{1}{2}$ percent (6 percent under certain conditions) on the railroad investment. This provision being mandatory, the Commerce Commission had to do the best it could with a valuation that was far from complete. It took the book value of the carriers, as reported, and against these it placed its own valuation arrived at in a manner not disclosed. Placed opposite one another these conclusions showed the following for the entire railroad mileage of the United States:

Railroad Book Value	\$20,040,572,611
Commission's Value	18,900,000,000
Difference	\$1,140,572,611—94.6%

It is upon the Commission's valuation, as above, that the high rates of 1920 for freight and passenger service were based.

Early in the valuation work the Commerce Commission created the Bureau of Valuation and up to last year in all the official findings of tentative value served on the carriers and made public, it is the reports of the Bureau to the Commission that appear. In July 1921, however, the Commission made public a report on 145 of the smaller carrier properties in which, for the first time, it attempted to fix, as its own work, what it calls tentative “Final Values.” Such findings do not represent the sum total of the elements of value reported to it, but are rather amounts determined by methods not disclosed, by the use of these elements and such other information as it has at its disposal.

In this list are found few of the conspicuous representative lines of the country, the largest being the Norfolk and Southern and the Kansas City Southern; each with a mileage of less than a thousand. 12,042 miles are covered by the 145 roads. The “Final Value” reported, which includes the cost of reproduction, new, less depreciation, plus the value of the land, amounts to \$479,000,000; the investment in road and equipment carried on the books of the companies amounts to \$692,000,000; their capital stock to \$344,000,000, and their debt, covering floating debt, bonded and other ob-

ligations of all kinds, sum up to \$832,000,000. The percent of the Commission's "Final Value" to these items is, 69,138, 98 and 57 respectively.

Early in 1922 similar tentative "Final Valuations" of about a hundred properties and systems were served on the carriers and made public. Most of these, also, were small properties—the conspicuous exception being the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway system with its 7,700 miles of line. Boiled down to a simple statement and brought up to date—for the reported value was of June 30, 1915—the Rock Island tentative "Final Value" is apparently about \$9,000,000 in excess of its total outstanding capitalization. Up to the last reports but about ten percent of the total mileage of the country had been so reported.

All the published statements of elements of value are most voluminous—those we have quoted being but the briefest summary—and their analysis has puzzled railroad men and economists for, in spite of the detail, it is not made perfectly clear what the term tentative "Final Value" really means. Nobody expects, however, that these values are what they purpose to be, namely "Final Values." Under the terms of the Amendment each carrier property has the right of appeal from the Commission's findings and, almost without exception, this appeal has already been entered. It will, no doubt, be the Supreme Court of the United States that will have the final say.

Before a final valuation of all the carrier properties of the country is written into the record, years are likely to elapse. When this valuation is reached it will be the value as of 1914, 1915 and 1916, for it is the prevailing prices of these years that are being used against inventory lists, and to be of any material use value as determined by the prices of these years will have to be adjusted to values to meet prices of current years. The final result, however, when arrived at, will produce an official valuation that will stand because it will carry the official stamp—be it right or wrong. In the royal archives at Paris there is preserved in a bar of platinum a standard metre. A metre is just one ten millionth part of the earth's quadrant measured at the equator. Many years ago the government sent a scientific expedition to South America to measure and determine the length of a metre. The standard at Paris is the result. It matters not that subsequent experiments have demonstrated that this standard is incorrect. It is the standard because it bears the stamp of authority. It is official and therefore right. So it will be with the valuations of the railroads when finished.

RICHARD HOADLEY TINGLEY.

Rhythm and Reason

MAN, the distance-annihilating, time-binding animal, has triumphed over his environment not so much because of his physical energy or his creative activities as through his power of interpretation. He has charted space, even infinity, by defining it; he has exorcised the nameless ghosts by giving them a name; he is, if we grant the optimism of the new healers, on the road to end fears and frustrations by analyzing them. Poetry alone has resisted definition. Interpreters succeed only in revealing fragments of the process; the poets themselves, instruments only half aware of what twitches or caresses their strings, can unriddle their art only a little more clearly than a violin could explain the genius of music.

Recently there has been an effort to attack the problem from a new angle: the relation of poetic inspiration to the unconscious. Where the old attitude was rhetorical or religious, the new approach is scientific. Nicolas Kostyleff's *Le Mechanisme Cérébrale de la Pensée* has pointed the way for the three works which, attempting to arrive at the same goal by somewhat different paths, have appeared in the last few months. F. C. Prescott's *The Poetic Mind*, scarcely recognizing a debt to Kostyleff's theory of a discharge of verbal reflexes in chains of association, investigates the process of poetry from a psychological foundation; Albert Mordell's *The Literature of Ecstasy*, bristling with unrelated enthusiasm, data and conjecture, considers it rhapsodically; Robert Graves's *On English Poetry* studies it from a subjective point of view that is by turns impersonally scientific and frankly casual. But, in their divergent reflections of the kinship of Aristotle's doctrine of catharsis and Freud's theory of the dream as purgation, none of the recent clarifiers have dwelt sufficiently on the relation of rhythm to the unconscious. They have left unexplored the depths of rhythm itself; they have scarcely examined its permutations not alone in the art of the poet but in the life of man.

The problem of rhythm, in whose complexities is written the history of art, is a study more puzzling and profound than the most intricate of its manifestations. Were the first savage chants, outbursts of terror and triumph, shaped by the drumming of insistent feet? And were those rhythmic patterns, fundamentally urgent and regular, prompted from without by such manifestations as the pounding of tides or swung within the blood by the definite beat of the pulse? Whatever the origins, the potency of rhythm lies close to the heart of poetry's secret. Lacking intimacy with the Cro-Magnards, one need not relinquish the search

for its beginnings; one can trace its wavering development groping through the child, an emotional as well as an aesthetic primitive. The smallest infant delights not so much in sheer noise as in ordered sound: he craves a regularity in the clapping of hands, the accents of a savagely simple tune, the reiteration of alliterative syllables. Cynics may pretend that it is nurses and foolish parents who invent the language of babyhood. It is the child, however, who feels that a sound does not mean enough till it has rhymed itself double, and who of its own accord will gravely murmur caw-caw to a scratching hen, wow-wow to a dog," moo-moo to the casual cow or quack-quack to describe a duck with onomatopoeic precision.

From this earliest delight in elementary rhythm, childhood may be said to sing its way to youth through poetry. Children learn the intricacies of language through verse rather than prose; their first accounts of a bewildering world do not come from a prosy father but through the chiming cadences of a melodic Mother Goose. They ring changes on the bells of rhyme before they sound the duller gamut of colloquial speech. It is in the flush of awakening life that this rhythmic impulse finds its highest gratification; mornings are saturated with sentiments that sing themselves into tune; strophes fall in prodigal showers through the burning air. Almost every boy is not only a potential but a practising poet, every girl a half-sister to Sappho. Lyrics, flowering with a punctuality of pattern, outnumber the daffodils. And so through adolescence—unless the school has succeeded in destroying the power of rhythm by "teaching" it—the young life turns to poetry for its clearest and most intense expression.

Suddenly we are aware of a complete change. Maturity proclaims itself by contradicting the poetic attitude of youth. Fancy has no place in a world of facts; the practical person not only ceases to be concerned with the writing of poetry but the reading of it. Even the thinker whose search for finalities is the pursuit of a vision, treats the imaginative mind with the same smiling depreciation that he bestows upon the immature one. The nature of maturity seems to fasten upon this defensive revulsion, a sweeping disavowal of all that man cherished during his formative years. The child in the grown man must be denied, a process generally accomplished by simultaneously scorning and eradicating (as far as consciousness can perform the task) all the creative images and associations of childhood. And poetry, being the earliest, most closely intertwined, suffers the heaviest repudiation.

But there are further and more fundamental in-

quiries to be made regarding the average man's denial or depreciation of poetry. The psychologists are only beginning to reconcile the contradictions. Growth has ceased to seem an arbitrary progression; maturity merely substitutes intellectual complexity for imaginative or emotional purity. But poetry speaks, for the most part, to the imagination rather than to the intellect; its expression, no less than its appeal, is direct, intuitional, primitive. And the mature mind is, above all, rationalistic, opposed to purely associative thinking; it has lost the faculty of communicating or even responding to that savage ecstasy which is the essence of the poetic spirit. Prescott enlarges on this theme in one of his most suggestive chapters. Citing Woodberry's definition "the poet seems to present the phenomenon of a highly developed mind working in a primitive way," Prescott continues:

Because we speak of the imaginative way of thinking as primitive, we are tempted to think of it as inferior . . . Our growth in command of voluntary thought, in power of reasoning, has been so remarkable, we have come to depend on reason so exclusively, and the products of our reasoning in modern science have been of such immediate and immense practical value that we are inclined to undervalue the other faculty; the younger brother looks down upon the elder.

The fluctuations of the poetic attitude, still less than half-explained, will not be clarified until the depths themselves are analyzed. And beneath the undercurrent of self-hypnotic states, emotional conflicts, poetry's employment of the dream-mechanism and the still deeper mystery of language, there lie the wellsprings of rhythm. In these depths the psychologist will not be able to work alone, for rhythm is physiological no less than psychical. It is the nucleus, the germinal power of life, flowing through all natural forces, the carrier of every form of energy. There is nothing in nature from the swing of the solar system to the climb of a blade of grass that does not persist in recurrent movements. Day and night, the march of seasons, the pattern of a leaf, light, heat and the periodic functions of human life have a rhythm that is as regular as it is insistent. Applied to the arts and in particular to the art of writing, it becomes obvious that rhythm is not, as most of the interpreters have defined it, a pleasant accompaniment, a colorful accessory of poetry, but the quality by virtue of which literature exists, the power which poetry has exploited and made articulate. And until the relations between rhythm, the subconscious and the shaping conscious brain are studied in greater detail, we shall have no more than an occasional—and usually misleading—clue to either the processes or the origins of the poetic mind.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Case for Greece

FROM May, 1919, to September, 1922, Greece was in military occupation of Asia Minor in the face of a world-wide protest. In the eyes of the old-fashioned imperialists of Europe and America, the presence of Greece in the richest provinces of Asiatic Turkey was in itself a scandal and a provocation, not less than the presence of Japan in Shantung. To allow the Greeks possession of such territory, for opening and development by Greek efforts, meant in a way, the closing of that selfsame territory to those who, under Turkish sovereignty, would have free and unhindered access to all its resources. A first rate economic colony, situated in the heart of Europe, was being taken away from the professional colonizers, expert hunters of monopoly and privilege, and "peaceful penetrators" par excellence, and given to Greece on the strength of some utterly inadmissible racial historical and ethnic grounds . . . Why, the thing was simply preposterous.

Turning to the opposite camp, we saw the radical, socialist, and liberal groups being carried away by some sort of mystic fervor for the new nationalist Turkey, which appeared to them to be so different from the old realm of Abdul Hamid, simply because Angora disguised its real aims under a cloak of ultra modernism in politics and statesmanship. Thus Greek imperialism which was bad enough in itself, assumed monstrous proportions when it came to be satisfied at the expense of such an enlightened, cultured and humanitarian régime as that of Mustapha Kemal. The new Turkey had to be given a chance, after the Allies had crushed her during the great war. To let Greece have a go at her seemed something like a crime. In this way the forces of liberalism arrayed themselves in favor of Turkey and against Greece. In their minds Greece had no business to be imperialistic, no matter how sound her racial and historical claims on Asia Minor appeared to be. Greece had to be friendly with Turkey, provided the friendship rested on Turkey's terms.

Between these two groups of extreme and imperialistic conservatism, and of an equally extreme and anti-imperialistic liberalism, came the masses, whose attitude towards Greece, being still largely under the influence of war propaganda, was that Greece chiefly through the efforts and cunning of a certain Venizelos had succeeded during the war in securing more than her share of the spoils, and

that this being so there was no reason why the Greeks should be permitted to keep all their holdings, since they had elected to bring back to the throne the pro-German Constantine.

These three shades of opinion did not include the strictly nationalistic opposition of such states as Italy and France, the former suspicious and apprehensive of a strong Greece in the eastern Mediterranean, the latter always hostile to a further increase of British preponderance in the Near East, where Greece was always considered as nothing but a pawn in England's game. Naturally enough, neither victorious Serbia, nor defeated Bulgaria relished very much the prospect of Hellenic expansion on two continents, the whole thing to be crowned eventually by possession of Constantinople. As for Russia, British control of the Straits was always enough to make her an ally of any power opposing that aim.

It was against such overwhelming odds that Greece for three years remained in Asia Minor at the fearful cost of something between two and three hundred million dollars, without taking account of the heavy human sacrifices endured in that campaign.

To abandon such an expensive, and at best, uncertain military enterprise, would seem to any one but a Greek, the only sane and logical course. This view, however, no matter how popular abroad, found very few supporters in Greece in the last three years, and this quite irrespective of party divisions. In the first place Mr. Venizelos was the man who had taken the initiative of the Asia Minor expedition, and who could not go behind his own program. He was the man who sent the first troops to Smyrna at the bidding of the Allies in order to "forestall any possible Turkish attacks against the Christian population" as the official communiqués said on May 15, 1919. The story of the Smyrna occupation although repeatedly told, is worth a short repetition, in view of what happened.

It was during the Paris Peace Conference, when Italy under the impression that she was wronged by her Allies, was preparing to land troops at Smyrna in accordance with her secret treaties with Great Britain and France. It so came about, that neither Mr. Lloyd George, nor M. Clemenceau, nor even President Wilson, had at that time any desire to see Italy established in Asia Minor. And

because Great Britain did not trust France, and because France did not trust Great Britain, neither could occupy that territory without creating a most serious Anglo-French rift. It was under these circumstances that Greece came in handy and was entrusted to occupy Smyrna and the surrounding territory in the name of the Allies. It is the irony of fate that the first Greek troops to be used in this connection were the remnants of the Hellenic division lent by Mr. Venizelos to France for the purpose of assisting the unsuccessful Denikin campaign in the Ukraine, when that general was fighting Soviet Russia early in 1919.

Up to April, 1920, the Greek army in Asia Minor, notwithstanding its penetration into the interior, had no definite aim. Then the San Remo conference took place, the Turkish treaty of peace was framed by the Allies, and it was there that Mr. Venizelos asked and obtained permission to impose that peace on Turkey through the Greek army, in exchange for the benefits to accrue to Greece from the Treaty of Sèvres. Whether the Allies accepted the Treaty of Sèvres with the propositions of Mr. Venizelos because they were convinced of the inability of the Greek army to impose it, or whether they accepted it because they thought that its terms suited their particular interests, is a detail that does not enter in this narrative. Be that as it may, the fact remains that none of the Allies has ever ratified that treaty, while it is an equally positive fact that they never allowed Mr. Venizelos to ratify it on his return to Greece.

When the Venizelos dictatorship was overthrown by the Greek people in the general elections of November 14, 1920, and when, following the Venizelist débâcle at the polls, King Constantine was recalled to the throne by a plebiscite, the Asia Minor campaign was a stalemate. The new Greek régime found itself in a peculiar predicament in connection with that expedition, which was not included in its program. To abandon Asia Minor, without any plausible reason, would be a confession of weakness on the part of the successors of Mr. Venizelos, and the idea was distasteful to the entire Greek people. To repudiate what appeared on the surface to be a patriotic policy of the Venizelist dictatorship, was bad politics. To continue the war to its successful culmination, appeared as the elementary duty of the new régime. Thus the Greek government resting on the parliamentary majority of Mr. Demetrios Gounaris adopted with regard to Asia Minor an aggressive military policy, coupled with a persistent diplomatic effort for the conclusion of a just and honorable peace.

The Allies in the meantime, considering both the general election of 1920 and the recall of King

Constantine as a personal affront, and entirely oblivious of the fact that it was their meddlesome policy in the internal management of Greek affairs that identified Mr. Venizelos with the subjugation of Greek interests to those of the great powers, and made of Constantine the symbol of Hellenic independence, as soon as their man fell from power, declared a diplomatic and economic blockade of Greece. And the most interesting point in this connection is that the government of the United States took the same view towards a free and constitutionally governed people, who have just as much the right to be ruled by Messrs. Gounaris and Stratos, as we have the right to be administered by Messrs. Harding and Coolidge.

Under this additional difficulty the Greek army took the field last year, and following a series of victorious campaigns, became the masters of an extensive territory 116,000 square kilometers wide, including the only railroad of the country, and all but captured Angora in the most sanguinary battle of the entire Asia Minor war. It was then that the Greeks came face to face with the new forces working against them in the field, because the strengthening of the Greek army against Kemal brought about a closer relationship between Nationalist Turkey and France. The Greek campaign had shown the possibilities of the reconstitution of the Byzantine Empire, and the establishment of an overwhelming Hellenic preponderance in the eastern Mediterranean. The spectre of a victorious Greece closely allied with Great Britain, was too much for the French who had always objected to a British hegemony in the Near East, while a greater Greece was anathema to Italian statesmanship. Greece was already branded as Britain's pawn, and the rumor was given substance enough to make even Soviet Russia lean towards Mustapha Kemal in an effort to thwart the British scheme of domination of the Near East through a victorious Hellenism. France playing her hand cleverly and boldly, threw off the mask of alliance and came out openly in favor of Turkey and Islam, with Italy and Soviet Russia following closely behind. Great Britain was thus branded before the whole Moslem world as a power that betrayed and fought the Caliphate for the sake of Greece. Fearful that any assistance given to Greece would strengthen the Pan-Islamist policy of France, Great Britain abandoned the Greeks to their own fate, much as she desired their success.

Whether the men in charge of the Greek government saw through all this is a debatable question. One thing, however, they could not help seeing and that was their isolation, and their increasing difficulties. Ten years under the colors began

to tell on the morale of the army; public funds were running low, a foreign loan remained out of the question, an internal loan proved to be highly unpopular. To put an end to a situation becoming daily more intolerable, the Greek government, after having rejected all proposals of the Allies to abandon Asia Minor, decided to end it all by a bold stroke, namely by an advance on Constantinople. This would serve a double purpose. First, it would give a plausible reason for the evacuation of Asia Minor, which would become an autonomous state under the protection of the League of Nations, and second, it would forestall any Turkish attack against the Greek front, inasmuch as Greek occupation of Constantinople would place a threatening hostile army on the right flank of Kemal.

The Allies turned down both the Greek plan for the possession of Constantinople, and the plan for the autonomy of Asia Minor. A meeting was to be called in Venice to discuss the preliminaries of the evacuation of Asia Minor by the Greeks. The Greek government decided not to await the result of these deliberations and began to evacuate the country, when Kemal was informed of the weakness of the Greek front at Afun Kara Hissar. Heavily armed, with an ample number of French seventy-fives, fully equipped with French and Italian aircraft, with plenty of motor driven trucks and tanks, and amply served by a competent staff of French officers whose comrades were still serving as organizers of the Hellenic army, Kemal attacked the forces of Greece at a time when that country was tied hand and foot by her own allies, with all the sources of credit closed, and with the right to search French and Italian vessels for war contraband bluntly refused.

It was under such circumstances that the Greek army suffered the greatest disaster ever recorded in the military annals of Greece. What is the extent of the responsibility of all those who at some time or another identified themselves with the Asia Minor mess, in which the Greek people lost so much in men, in money, and in prestige, will be known some day, when History, free from the fears and the prejudices of the present will write down the cold facts. The thing which at this moment most strikes the imagination, is not the Greek defeat, but the greater moral débâcle of the Entente in the Near East. The Entente cannot escape its share of the responsibility for what happened in Asia Minor, any more than its fleet can escape the responsibility of having stood idle and Nēro-like while Smyrna was burning, and while her entire population was perishing in an inferno of iron and blood.

ADAMANTIOS TH. POLYZOIDES.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Coal Strike Continues

[The following letter is a personal one with reference to the situation in Somerset County, Pennsylvania, where the previously unorganized miners who went on strike in sympathy with the unions have not been included in the settlement.—Ed.]

SIR: Things are pretty hard for us now, owing to the fact that the coal companies are evicting so many families and we haven't enough tents to put them in. I collected all the available tents I could find throughout the district last week and in addition had to get Brophy to buy fifty more at a cost of \$1,000 to the organization. These were all in use before Saturday and I had to have another fifty ordered, which are due to arrive tomorrow. Meanwhile fifty-seven families were ordered out of their houses at Jerome today, and the Sheriff tells me he has forty-eight more writs of eviction to serve tomorrow at Jerome, eight at Jennes, and about twenty at Boswell. I got Mark and Brophy to order fifty more tents tonight, hoping that the others that we need will be gotten from other districts before the end of the week. The telephone rings every five minutes for me when I'm in Boswell, with someone on the other end demanding tents. The financial situation is very serious, but whether we have tents and money or not we must continue to strike until we get our contract. After five months of sacrificing it would be a tragedy to lose now.

The operators have more to lose in this section by recognizing the union than in the other fields, as they have had a special privilege for so long. So they're fighting us to the limit. If they can't get their old men to go back soon, however, I believe they will sign the contract that we're asking them to sign.

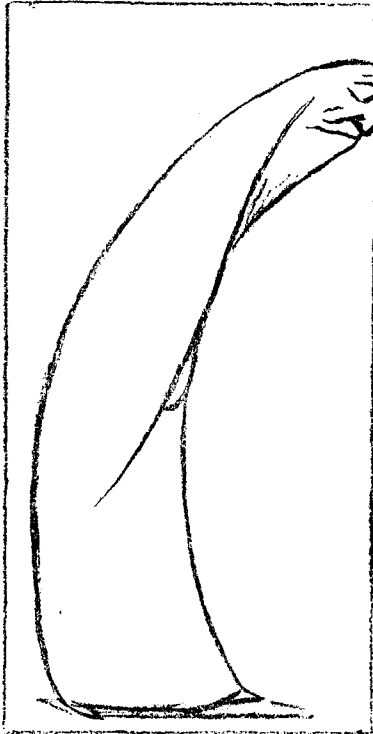
We had a very sad thing happen at Jerome two weeks ago. One of our union men, named Alex Marushax, was fatally shot by a mine guard with a riot gun one night as he was walking into his boarding house. He had a wife and several children in the old country. I made as thorough an investigation as I could of the affair and by those close to the scene of the midnight shooting was told that Alex had given the guard no provocation to shoot. He was shot in the back on the steps of his own boarding-house.

The whole town of Jerome was up in arms about it, but we succeeded in keeping the eight hundred strikers quiet. The company had taken the body away and tried to have it buried away from Jerome. The men there told me that unless the body was brought back to Jerome for burial there would be trouble, and I knew they would keep their word. We traced the body to an undertaker's and found that the company would pay for the burial if it was not held in Jerome. The officials knew what a strengthening effect a burial in Jerome would have on the men and tried by all means to stop it, but the Jerome men said they would pay the \$185 expenses themselves. In the end the burial was held in Jerome and the company paid the expenses. It was a very sad occasion and one that I will never forget. A procession of men, women and little children almost half a mile long followed the hearse past the shaft-head and the company office to the burial ground. Here a Polish priest conducted some religious ceremonies, and I was called upon to read the burial services of the United Mine Workers. Jim Mark made a very fine address about our union brother whose life had been sacrificed in this struggle for industrial freedom.

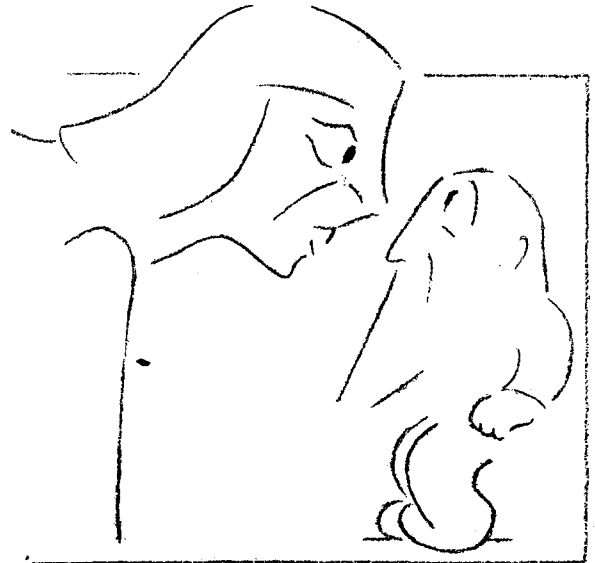
I can't tell you how much I wish this struggle was ended. Industrial strife is a terrible thing, but unfortunately one that so far the world has not been able to avoid. While it seems destructive while it is going on, we must remember that it was only by means of striking that the little boys and girls of five and six years of age were taken out of the deep, gaseous shafts of England, and that it was only by means of union organization that the miners obtained a work day short enough to permit them to see the sunlight for a few minutes in winter time and a few hours in summer. One has but to look at the difference between the strike situation in the old established union fields and here. In the former there was no bitterness, no cruelty on either side. Here there is, simply because the way for more harmonious relations has not yet been paved. . . . I don't like to fight, but when it is necessary I believe in doing it, but in doing it without bitterness. No one longs for peace more than I do. But when we're in a thing, we must play the game for the best interest of all.

POWERS HAPGOOD.

The Crow's Nest

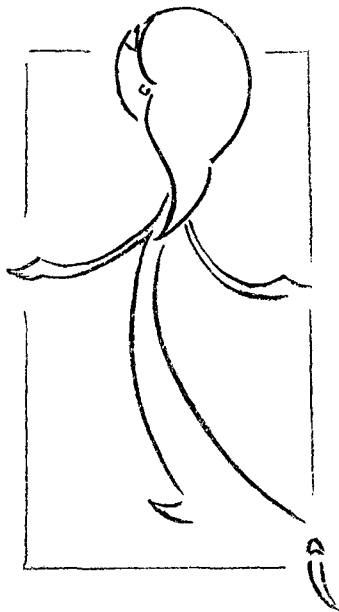


High Priest, examining the doings of other priests, and of mankind in general.

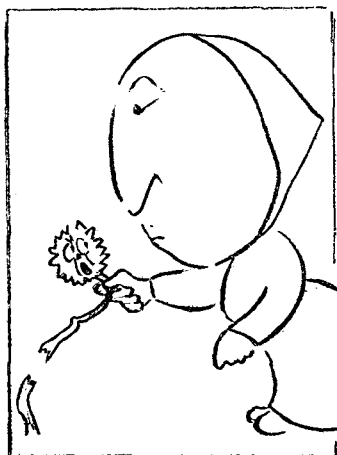


The Recording Angel: Picture of an old man who is not exactly religious, but who nevertheless has a persistent feeling that some one is watching him.

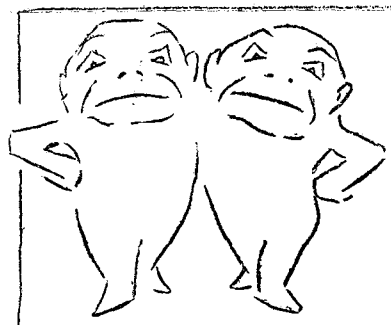
Wonder: The emotion of wonder is usually ascribed only to peasants, by painters, as though there were something unsophisticated about it. But society women feel it too, sometimes, when they look at the stars.



Pharisee: He is praying that other men may become as good as he is, and is planning to make a large donation to have them taught how to do this.



Old Mrs. Obtuse: She never means to hurt any one's feelings but this is the way she treats everybody.



Right and Wrong: Some persons can tell them apart with the greatest ease—"Right's Right and Wrong's Wrong"—but others get them mixed up occasionally and have to argue it out.

The Trained Audience

MY friend and I were agreeing that tears were mother's milk compared to smiles, so far as audiences went; that comedy must always be the rarest thing in the theatre to arrive at any distinction, and that even when it reached distinction, whether through the play or the playing, it must have an audience of people with the training and the habit that will enable them to follow it and to see the point—a fruitful enough discussion before seeing an artist like Miss Tempest, but cut short by the arrival of my neighbors on the left.

They were two women. The nearest me was a large woman, not very tall, with a great head of black hair cut short and turned under in waves, with black eyes outlined in black, a full red mouth and a skin made very white. Her dress was black, round on the full shoulders, the sleeves stopping at the round elbows and slit all the way to show the arms, whose wide white lines, beginning high up, ran down until they disappeared in the shadow of her figure and lost her hands to sight. It was one of those sack-like dresses caught in at the waist with a girdle; from the shadows came now and again a gleam of jet, and when the wearer moved you heard a grinding and rattling noise like some great set of ill-fitting teeth that were biting the lady in half. Her companion was smaller and plainly the more daring of the two. She had golden hair, cut short also, but curled out spiritedly and bound with a gold tape. Her face was as white as her friend's, her lips as red. Her gown was red, and she had earrings and a bracelet of bright red coral. She smiled constantly, and as she did so was always drawing her upper lip down over her teeth and stretching her nostrils as if breathing was to her a form of haughty inspiration. I looked at the two and thought of them as belonging rather at so many other places on Broadway than at anything Miss Tempest might do. Some eloquent agent, I concluded, must have sold them tickets. But there they were at any rate, and were about to speak, I saw, as they opened their programs and read. The lady in black spoke first:

"Lisson," she said, "it says Mrs. Middleton's apartment. And one week later. And next morning. Just one place! Say!"

"What?" said the lady in red.

"I don't like these plays with just one scene. I don't think they are ever any good. D'you?"

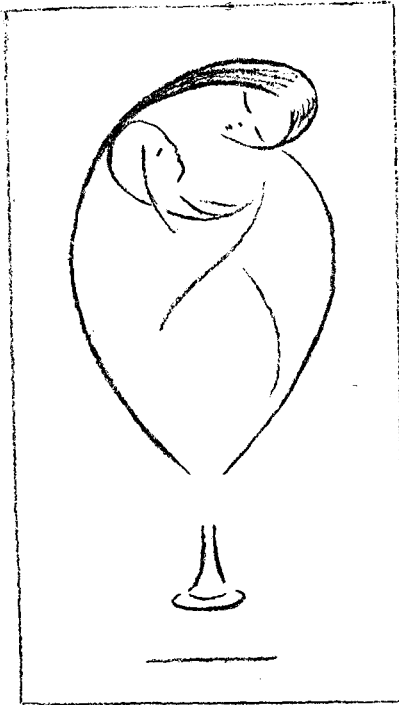
"Oh, I don't know," the other lady replied. "Look at The Bat. That had only one scene and it ran two years. One scene—and another I mean that was just an attic."

"Well, I don't like these plays either because they've not got any sub-titles. I like sub-titles so that you can know what's going to happen. Don't you think?"

"Oh, I don't know. Of course I like the movies, but I like the drama too. Sh!"

The curtain went up.

The devoted old maid-servant is knocking at the door on the right to waken the young man, who now comes in. He is a young reprobate with a headache, Jerry Middleton, and Mr. Leslie Howard plays him very well, though with far too much recourse to that trick that English actors have of seeming to fight shy of feeling, of being abrupt, reserved, the supposed British male, and so screening themselves behind realistic half-truth and dodging too much of the labor of acting. Jerry Middleton has spent most of his mother's money. He has gambled and drunk, had affairs with women. Meantime the mother that Miss Tem-



Motherhood

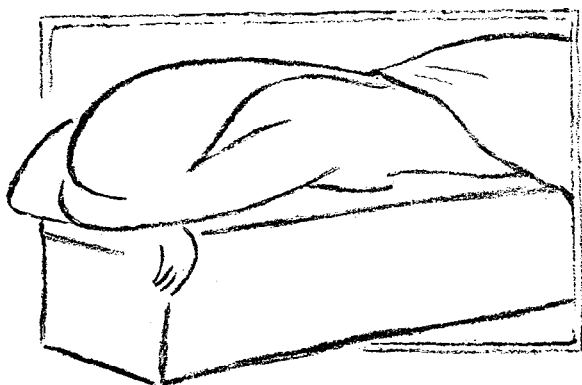
Respectability: He is afraid the wrong persons are about to accost him.

(right)



Small Profits: He is just as happy over what he makes in his

stationery shop, as the greatest magnate is over his largest deals.



Finis

CLARENCE DAY, JR.

pest plays has spoiled him, adored him beyond all bounds. Jerry announces his engagement to Janet Trendall, the daughter of the millionaire, Morgan Trendall, who had been almost a lover of Mrs. Middleton's years ago. He and his daughter come then to a meeting of the clans, old chains revive—pretty patently; Mr. Graham Browne is a lovely man, and all seems well. The curtain falls.

The lady in black took up her program. "Lisson," she read, chopping her way through the lines, "it says 'how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child, King Lear.' Say what is a serpent?"

Several people in the row ahead turned to look round at such a question. The speakers only patted their hair and rattled their jewelry and went on—

"Haven't you ever seen a serpent's tooth?" asked the lady in red.

"No. What's a serpent?"

"Haven't you ever seen a serpent in the movies?"

"No, dearie."

"Not in the animal movies?"

"No, what is it?"

"It's an animal."

"Well, lisson, I know that, or they wouldn't have teeth. What sort of an animal?"

"I don't know. But their teeth are sharp, I'll tell the world."

The play began again. Mrs. Middleton is giving a dinner, with a caterer in and fifty dollars for the bill. The girl from Jerry's last affair arrives in a taxicab and keeps blowing the horn for him to come down to her. Finally he is scared into going, and makes business excuses. Then the mother can pretend no longer, and tells Janet the truth about the man she is about to marry. Janet refuses to believe ill of Jerry, and her father carries her home.

The lady in red was snapping her fingers to the usher for a glass of water. My companion and I went down to the lounge.

You would never believe that about the serpent, we agreed, if you had not heard it. It would seem only a cheap and far-fetched story, about as subtle as the people who said it. But there it was, all too actual, too heard, just as the women were there. We sat silent in the smoking-room, full of grim thoughts and modern instances.

All during the intermission, then, I thought of Miss Tempest and her art. It is an art the elaboration and method of which is a trifle obvious or over-deliberate, perhaps a little more so now than once; but the method is unerring in its results; it has a convincingness that almost thwarts your judgment of the play it carries. An art like this of Miss Tempest's has about it the quality of high comedy because its spirit is so keen, its vivacity so fluent and ready, its tempo so well in hand, its mentality and wit so exact, its division between tears and laughter so vague and poignant. I sat there under a cloud of smoke thinking of how she had taken her points as they came, so un-faillingly and so happily, and had been driven no doubt to find some of them for herself, to bolster up the play with her own invention. I thought of how she had put style into what were really but familiar moments from an everyday material; how she had made herself a comment on all these moments by seeing them in the light of a large common sense and pity and ironical mockery and strength.

The Serpent's Tooth, to begin with, was too short even in time. The play seemed afraid to take the time to think as it went. It was afraid to fill out the intervals of its action with a conversation in which the slant of the author's mind

toward all this little human hubbub might be exhibited. It trotted along with the story, with too few revelations and too much energy, too little contact and too much coming and going. It deserved its imminent failure. But if it had been a better play, I asked myself, and Mr. Graham Browne less manifest, and Miss Ann Merrick less impossible for everything else except what is due to the accidents of time and appearance—if the Serpent's Tooth had been a better play, as good even for wit and elaboration as Mr. Richman's piece, *The Awful Truth*, not far off down the street, could we have kept my two neighbors in their seats at all? And if we have a Broadway full of such as these two ladies in red and black, what happens to comedy and its luminous bath of reason, its tradition, its well ventilated code of social judgments, its search for the necessities of taste and of the glancing criticism and robust discernment of daily values?

The bell recalled us, the third act was beginning.

Mr. Browne has come to see Miss Tempest to explain. He feels deeply about everything, very deeply about the sentiment attaching to the combination that occurs to him of the past and the present. He expresses his mood.

"Lisson, he's good all right," said the lady in black, leaning over.

Mr. Graham Browne explains anew, opening his palms for the gallery to see and raising his upper eyelids, with an art as obvious as the razor advertisements; and the lady repeated her praise:

"He's good, I'll tell the world!"

Jerry in a fit of remorse catches his mother in his arms and kisses her. The lady in black chuckled and said, "He's gettin' to like her, ain't he!"

The play drew to an end. Mr. Trendall will send Jerry to a ranch where he feels sure the food, the work and the company will reform him. He himself will marry the mother, and the mother will wait with the daughter till the redeemed Jerry comes back again.

The curtain fell with great applause, mostly for Miss Tempest, who got herself out of Mr. Graham Browne's platitudinous arms to bow. There were more calls and bows. The lights came on in the house.

I turned to see how our two ladies were taking it; enthusiasm, I thought, would be in their line. But they were gone. Then I saw them at the side exit. They had already bought a newspaper from a man and were bending their heads together over it as they hurried along.

"Heh's your murder, heh!" the man called. "Heh's your murder! Three women killed by a bootlegger! Git your paper! Paper!"

STARK YOUNG.

Song to be Said While Walking

We may wander and wander far,
Wander far as the blue hills are;
Yet never so far as the blue hills seem—
Oh, the blue of a hill is a mist, a gleam,
Lighting a face, cooling the mind.
And though the roadways wind and wind,
And though we follow and wander on
Always the blue grows green as a lawn,
And always though roads run green, run high,
Blows a blue mist across the eye.

HAZEL HALL.

Books and Things

WITH his disdain of facility, with his preference for undertakings which are difficult, Dean Inge must have been fascinated by the difficulty of composing his Rede Lecture on *The Victorian Age* (Cambridge University Press. \$1.00). No subject, to be sure, looks large to an ignorant man, but Dean Inge is a scholar, with a scholar's realization that his enterprise would be hopeless unless he took his stand at a point of view which would keep his field of vision contracted. Being not a scholar only, but also an unobtrusively cunning writer of prose, he must sharply have realized the kind of conciseness that he needed here, the rapid conciseness which listeners can understand the meaning of without falling out of step with the lecturer.

Quite possibly, however, Dean Inge did not spend much time over choosing either the sort of prose he would write or the point of view from which he would look at his subject. Neither choice need have been conscious. He may have written this Rede Lecture as he has written it because a prose which is plain in its neatness has long since become habitual with him. His choice of a subject may have been almost simultaneous with his choice of a point of view, the point of view from which the Victorian Age appears first of all as an age which at this moment many youngish persons underrate most ignorantly, their ignorance expressing itself in the form of impertinence, and their impertinence being of two sorts; an affirmation that our contemporary great men are greater than the great Victorians, and a tone towards these Victorians which nobody would dare take with them if he and they were together in the same room.

Dean Inge advises "those who are disposed to follow the present evil fashion of disparaging the great Victorians" to "make a collection of their heads in photographs or engravings, and compare them with those of their own little favorites. Let them set up in a row good portraits of Tennyson, Charles Darwin, Gladstone, Manning, Newman, Martineau, Lord Lawrence, Burne-Jones, and, if they like, a dozen lesser luminaries, and ask themselves candidly whether men of this stature are any longer among us." "Let us," he adds, "have the decency to uncover before the great men of the last century; and if we cannot appreciate them, let us reflect that the fault may possibly be in ourselves."

Here one has Dean Inge's point of view; from here one can see the audience he addresses. But one of the things which gives feature to this lecture, which makes it so unlike the lecture you might expect, if you knew nothing else about its author than the passage quoted, is Dean Inge's having both "the decency to uncover" and also an impulse to put, from time to time, his hat on: "The sentiment in Tennyson's lines ["There lives more faith in honest doubt," etc.] may be easily defended; but it must be confessed that 'honest doubt' was something of a pose at the time. In reading such men as Clough, or Henri Amiel, the average man becomes impatient, and is inclined to say 'Why can't the fellow make up his mind one way or the other, and get started?'" And of Tennyson himself Dean Inge can say: "He is a little self-righteous about it, no doubt; that helps to date him." Even Mr. Strachey could read, without lifting his eyebrows, what Dean Inge says of the Crystal Palace when it was first put up: "So, while Macaulay was showing how very differently we manage things in England—compare, for example, 1688 with 1848—we

decided to invite the world and his wife to London, to envy and admire us in Sir Joseph Paxton's great glass house. We must not laugh at that architectural monstrosity. It was the mausoleum of certain generous hopes."

Dean Inge's comic sense, in other words, would feed on what he finds in the Victorian Age if he were not such a temperate man. So alert is this comic sense, and so abstinent in its present behaviour, that now and then La Fontaine's words come into one's mind: *Il était tempérant plus qu'il n'eût voulu l'être*, and more than he might be on another occasion. But the present occasion is serious, humour must keep in a subordinate place, room must be saved for such graver things as this assertion, made of the system of doles out of the rates, adopted in 1795: "It had the double effect of pauperising the rural labourer and of putting an artificial premium on large families—the children who were carried off in waggon-loads to feed the factories." An industrial age is a temptation to the making of laws which later law-makers have to amend or destroy, and it has other results which cannot be set right by law: "Never since civilization began has such ugliness been created as the modern English or American town."

Sparingly used, as all Dean Inge's gifts are in this lecture, except his sense of proportion, his skill at weaving one texture out of such different strands, and his inveterate neatness, is his gift of keeping his political beliefs strictly in the picture—his belief, for example, that "until the poisonous delegate theory obtained currency, the member of Parliament was a real legislator, with a right to think, speak and vote for himself"; or his belief that between 1832 and 1867, "the dates of the first Reform Bill and of Disraeli's scheme to dish the Whigs," the "one prime necessity for good government was present; those who paid the taxes were also those who imposed them." Another gift of Dean Inge's, and one the exercise of which I imagine brings him a certain dry pleasure, although no sign of such pleasure is displayed, is the gift of giving pain, with self-restraint, soberly: "The debates were good because they were real debates and conducted by men who all spoke the same language. The rhetorical methods of the working man are quite different from those of the gentry, and mutual annoyance is generated by the mixture of styles in debate." Now and again pain is given almost parenthetically, as in speaking of the time when "lavish new creations of peers turned the House of Lords into the predominantly middle class body which it is now."

Two faults might be found with Dean Inge by another resenter of current depreciation of the Victorian Age. He has lessened his authority with the unconverted by speaking of "the French, whose novelists, in spite of their clever technique, seem to me frequently dull and usually repulsive." In such a case, as Dean Inge might have reminded himself, "the fault may possibly be in ourselves." In the second place, the Victorian seems to have been an age which gives one of its most intelligent and penetrating eulogists but little intellectual and no aesthetic pleasure. He asserts his admiration without communicating it. Perhaps the communication of pleasure experienced is not in his line. Nor in mine, I'm afraid, as I read my article over and notice its failure to express the amusement this Lecture has given me. It is an admirable essay in the Higher Neatness. Plain in his meaning, unless we seek for meanings which will help us to pigeonhole him, plain in his mood, save for his deficiency in enjoyment, in his neatness Dean Inge is always perfectly plain.

P. L.

Babbitt

Babbitt, by Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. \$2.00.

IT was not as a novel that Main Street was interesting, because a novel is a picture of life and of people, and life is a whole and people have three dimensions, plus an inscrutable core of individuality about which their recreator in fiction must not seem to have too complete a knowledge if he wishes them to appear real. Sinclair Lewis was almost always in visible and tyrannical possession of his characters' souls: they spoke, but how obviously at his prompting; they moved, but how plainly because he pulled the strings. Only occasionally—with Dr. Kennicott—did he achieve the difficult art of not seeming to be inside a character's head, of seeming to let him go his own way. Something mattered to him more than people: the trivial and repressive mind of a small town, the fungus of dullness, venom and misunderstanding which grows over ideals and aspirations and stifles them.

But Mr. Lewis did not give us a rounded picture of this, because he was more bent on destroying than describing. All through Main Street—the same is true of Babbitt—his dislike for his subject outstripped his interest in it, and gave the book its predominating flavor, which was acid.

Why then does Main Street remain a significant book, and one that Americans will probably remember for some time? Isn't it mostly because so many people bought it that we realized for the first time that as a nation we were beginning to become self-conscious? If Main Street lives, it will probably be not as a novel but as an incident in American life.

Main Street was a complaint, Babbitt is an indictment. The scene is shifted from a small town to a city. And in a city the dragon which rules over a small town vaguely, if really enough, becomes an army of dragons with a lot of heads, and the dragons all have names and live in identifiable caves, and Mr. Lewis explores these caves and calls the dragons by their real names. The Boosters' Club, the Rotary Club, the Y. M. C. A., the Church, the newspaper, the bank, the street railway, the Realtors' Association, these are the dragons who conspire to make and keep George F. Babbitt, an ordinary, decent-hearted, soft, average, mediocre American business man, a slave to their own vulgar, noisy, cheap, insincere, illiterate standards of life, by offering him their usual rewards of specious good-fellowship, an ugly but comfortable home, an automobile, and a perishable popularity.

While Mr. Lewis undoubtedly has an eye—and in several places a very warm heart—for Babbitt's emotional travails, his gnawing doubts, his booms of confidence, the shabby emotional back-alleys in which he seeks release from an intolerable struggle, Mr. Lewis's chief effort is going after the scalps of the dragons. This he achieves with enormous success. I don't believe anyone has his particular talent for describing the relentless gladhandedness of the lunchers at the Athletic Club of Zenith, nor the grotesque, silly emptiness and self-conceit of the Realtors' delegations as they assemble at the railway station. Mr. Lewis does this sort of thing extraordinarily well, though one wonders why one so seldom laughs at these caricatures, until one notices that he himself is not so much laughing at these ridiculous people as trying with all his might to

kick the life out of them. He enjoys mimicking them so hugely that he does it a great deal too much, and the people whose speech he mimics seem all to draw their talk from the same source. It is an inexhaustible source: page after page of the book is spread thick with the same composite of slang, repetition, triviality and crude generalization.

In Main Street there was the same font of slangy, trivial, repetitious speech used indiscriminately by most of the characters. In Babbitt a great deal more of the talk is about general ideas. The boosting business man's ideas about labor, freedom, politics are in the lime-light, and Mr. Lewis is concerned in showing us over and over again how undigested, dogmatic but above all how illiberal they are. A defence of a liberal point of view by ridicule and savage attack on its opposite can almost be said to be the undercurrent of Babbitt. This shows us again how much more specific is Mr. Lewis's second tirade against our society.

The moral pointed out in Main Street was fairly vague: You cannot live in a small town and not be emotionally squashed. Babbitt's moral is more precise; Mr. Lewis has passed from emotional ground to somewhere nearer politics. If you are a business man in a large town you cannot try to be liberal and survive. Such and such dragons, who exist in actual life, will certainly step on you.

The dragons are the household gods of the big city, which is the home of people who have arrived. The ambition of the small town citizen is to leave its restraint. It is much easier to appeal to his dissatisfaction than it is to try to tell the large city's booster that his gods are devils, especially if you indict his gods as specifically as Mr. Lewis has done. Will the readers he is aiming at in Babbitt resent the attack more than the Main Streeters did? It will be interesting to see.

Babbitt is hideously true to the worst things in America. The fact that it is not the whole truth makes it not so much a novel as a terribly damaging attack on nearly all of our worst faults, and a brilliant piece of propaganda for some future America which will be rid of them. To destroy evil it isolates evil: that is not fiction. It is rather a contribution to the prevailing mood, among intellectuals. There's a lot more to America, even that part of her next door to the Boosters' Club, than the crude and frantic gospel of the Boosters. There's a rich, easy-going humor, a genuine if not always effective kindness, intimately mixed with the Booster streak. Isn't Mr. Lewis, by contrast with a writer interested in giving us characters of such a genuine American admixture, mentally almost an exile from America?

Does he not reject us? Is he not unwilling to be as interested in us, all of us and every part of us, as if we were children from whom no moral responsibility for the state of the society they live in can be expected? I wonder if he would be interested in writing about a community whose members he felt to be irresponsible, though they were human beings none the less. I suspect that he is more interested in motives than in people. I feel, in both Main Street and Babbitt, that what most prevents his characters from becoming real is his ineradicable tendency to entertain moral judgments about them—though I usually agree with those moral judgments. The mood of a novelist, if not one of love alone, should at least be *odi et amo*. I feel that Mr. Lewis is saying *odi* nearly all the time.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Game of Politics

Private Diaries of Sir Algernon West, edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$7.00.

The Diary of a Journalist: Later Entries, by Sir Henry Lucy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$6.00.

THE English invented the game of parliamentary government. They elaborated it by limiting the sovereign in movement to a single square like the king in chess, and increasing the area of authority of the prime minister, like the queen. During the eighteenth century the game was a secluded one played behind closed doors. The effect of the Reform Bill of 1832 was to invite the public in as spectators, since which time parliamentary government has shared with horse racing the distinction of being the premier sport of the English. It will be remembered that to Lord Rosebery fell the intolerable distinction of winning the premiership and the Derby in the same year.

It is the period just before this double triumph to which Sir Algernon West devotes most of his volume of reminiscences. In the years 1892-94 the game was complicated by the fact that Mr. Gladstone, over eighty, with failing sight and hearing, was still the leader of the Liberal party and necessarily became for the fourth time premier on the accession of that party to power in 1892. In these circumstances his old friend, Sir Algernon West, recently retired from the chairmanship of the Internal Revenue Board, became his private secretary, undertaking to act as a shock absorber in the rude contacts between the aged chief and his party followers. The Cabinet faced the necessity of passing the Irish Home Rule Bill with a rather thin majority in the House of Commons and the certainty of a struggle with the House of Lords. Meanwhile age and infirmity accumulated upon the head of their leader, until his retirement became only a question of time and the succession almost one of accident. These facts gave to the web of personal interest, vanity and intrigue within the Cabinet a very special importance. Sir Algernon West with his conscientious record of all the threads which were spun and woven has written a most enlightening book on the secret practice of higher politics. Only once he ventured abroad as far as the House of Commons, to hear Gladstone make his speech introducing the Home Rule Bill. Even then the technique of the performance is what interests him: "Mr. Gladstone rose amid cheers. . . . A quarter of an hour very fine, in an impressive but not loud voice. Two hours' explanation nearly, and a quarter of an hour's peroration—fine and his voice good, though low throughout. What an effort for a man of 83!!!" But Sir Algernon was essentially an inside man dealing with the considerations which determined each move.

At the outset there was the uncomfortable fact that the Queen loathed Mr. Gladstone. Coming from her presence he compared the interview to that between Marie Antoinette and her executioner. Then there was the filling of Cabinet and other positions, the setting of the men on the board. Sir Algernon was in his element. "Ripon came later and we made Cabinets all the evening," he records with gusto. We learn that "Walter of the Times was pressing hard for a Peerage." Lord Acton was most persistent in advice, and took up a good deal of Sir Algernon's time first and last, before the latter had to tell him that there was no room for him in the boat. The Mistressship of the Robes was a question which Sir Algernon had to consider, but which evidently bored him, as he tells

us candidly that he thought his wife was recommending the Dowager Duchess of Bedford when she really meant the Dowager Duchess of Wellington. A pathetic entry occurs on October 26, 1892. "Lord Ashburnham, after all the trouble Mr. Gladstone has had to convince Her Majesty that he is not in favor of a Stuart restoration, etc., refuses to be Lord-in-Waiting." The poet laureateship was discussed with extraordinary penetration. "Lewis Morris of the 'Epic of Hades' was spoken of; also William Morris, 'The Earthly Paradise'. The latter was probably the better poet but he was supposed to have socialistic and Nihilist proclivities." This after Morris had been a member of the London Socialist Society for ten years, and spoken innumerable times in Hyde Park.

After the Cabinet was built and launched Sir Algernon continued to wrestle with similar problems of state. Lord Rosebery's vacillation was a constant worry. The tension between Sir William Harcourt and John Morley grew. Morley tells Sir Algernon on November 1st that "he would no longer attend a Cabinet in which Harcourt sat; his invariable insolence was too dreadful," and six months later, "Harcourt came in a fright of a crisis with John Morley; said he would not discuss anything with him, he was so irritable." We sympathize with Sir Algernon when he exclaims: "What a funny thing Government is!" In the midst of it all Mr. Gladstone stood like King Lear, his white locks blowing in the storm. One of the enthusiastic spectators of the game was Margot Tennant, and her comments Sir Algernon sets down with great respect. In view of the fact that there was no mystery about the fate of the Home Rule Bill the two great questions of the Cabinet were: When and whom will Margot Tennant marry? and When will Mr. Gladstone retire? Both events fell within the year 1894.

Sir Henry Lucy was properly an outside man. As a journalist, the Toby, M. P. of Punch, he takes a more objective and less responsible view of politics. He sketches in quick vivid strokes the external personalities whose temperaments Sir Algernon explored with such pain. This of Lord Salisbury is admirable: "I noticed that when making his statement on the Anglo-French agreement he had not a single note in his hand. Rising from his seat in a perfectly casual way and lounging towards the table, he began to talk in a conversational but clear tone, setting forth a perfectly pellucid statement, pleasantly tinged with cynicism." Cynicism is a mild quality which seasons Sir Henry's hedonism. He enjoys the game of politics thoroughly as a spectator who has developed an extraordinary acuteness for the finer points of the game. He is indefatigable as a collector of impressions and anecdotes. In the end he leaves us the same feeling as does Sir Algernon, of the abounding futility and triviality of the whole performance. Sir Henry Lucy enjoyed other games, and their players nearly as much as politics—for instance the London theatre. In the perspective of his pages, Coquelin, Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry seem as important as Balfour, C.-B., Asquith and Morley—and far more interesting.

Altogether these two books have a delightful English quality of absorption and detachment. They illustrate how little politics may have to do with life. They seem happily to bring to mind the song which Odette Dulac used to sing so charmingly at the Boîte à Fursy:

Il y a toujours une moitié du monde,
Qui se fiche de l'autre moitié.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Industrial Peace by Legislative Action

The Industrial Code, by W. Jett Lauck and Claude S. Watts. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. \$4.00.

MESSRS. Lauck and Watts are among our ablest industrial consultants. Their minds are an economic bureau, full of charts, graphs, facts and figures, which they usually employ with fine relevancy and effect. Their professional ethics is conspicuously high, for they never render service to those whose economics they deem anti-social or impossible. And their book brings out these solid virtues. It is a good reference on the vexed common-places of the eight-hour day, the living wage, women in industry and the rights of capital and labor to collective bargaining on wages and conditions. On all these problems they are more or less orthodoxly A. F. of L., and so anxious to give no radical offence that they quote even ex-Chancellor James R. Day of Syracuse University for the living wage and Chief Justice Taft in favor of collective bargaining. Especially valuable is the appendix, which contains the most essential documentary and other such material on American labor since the creation of the National War Labor Board. And were it only possible to delete the panacea of the book, it would be a very helpful manual in industrial economics.

But unfortunately the authors have an *idée fixe*. They have "a proposal looking to permanent industrial peace," a somewhat drastically simple cure-all for the industrial indisposition. Like all such panaceas this one is the conclusion of a rather fatuous syllogism. Major premise: American industry is in disorder; minor premise: order comes from legislation; conclusion: hence we need an Industrial Code, to be administered by a National Labor Board with Boards of Adjustment for the basic industries. While we had the National War Labor Board "there was not a single strike involving an entire industry . . . Within less than three months after the Board went out of existence the country found itself in the throes of two great strikes, steel and coal." Apparently it never occurred to the authors that labor may have waited for the war rather than the Labor Board to end.

They slight the tragic-comic Kansas Court of Industrial Relations as too simple-mindedly conceived. But all arguments for an immediate industrial code must of necessity be as naïve as Governor Allen's. They are all based on the triune stereotype of capital, labor and the public, all three of which are manifested in the one sovereign state, whose duty it is to protect the innocent and helpless public from the catch-as-catch-can fights of the other two. Thus the authors quote most approvingly from President Harding:

[We need] the construction of a code and a charter of elemental rights, dealing with the relations of employer and employee. This foundation in the law, dealing with the modern conditions of social and economic life, would hasten the building of a temple of peace in industry which a rejoicing nation would acclaim.

Of course!—a code must be based on a Bill of Rights.

To promote and to preserve industrial peace, to insure equal and exact justice to both elements in industry and to safeguard the public interest as well, there should be established an industrial code wherein there shall be defined and promulgated the fundamental principles which shall govern the relations of capital and labor.

Here is the Magna Carta: the right of employers and employees to organize and then to bargain collectively; the right of labor to a living wage and of capital to a fair return; the right of labor to a voice in the control of industry; fair hours; the rights of women in industry; the sanctity of contract between capital and labor; and the rights of the public. This is practically the Magna Carta of the Transportation Act, against whose reactionary tendencies Mr. Lauck has spent the better part of the last two years in an able but unavailing struggle.

This is not the place to go into the metaphysics of such images as government, capital, labor and the public. Who are they? What are they? Where are they? What are the personal and social forces back of each and all? How and when do they overlap? Suffice it to illustrate the difficulty of delimiting and answering these questions by the mere fact that a distinguished professor of social science, while President of the United States, appointed to the public group of an industrial board Judge Elbert H. Gary, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Charles Edward Russell and Bert M. Jewell, against whose latter organization his successor is now mobilizing troops. To the employers' group he appointed more salaried executives than industrial owners, and to the labor group such men as T. A. Rickert of the United Garment Workers and W. G. Lee of the Railroad Trainmen, both of whom have been repudiated by large sections of their membership in runaway strikes and still more runaway language.

Our defective industrial metabolism has impaired the whole social system far too seriously to cure it with a patent medicine. Industry can hope to function properly only after the entire modern environment has undergone a long and arduous treatment of heroic goodwill and educated judgment. And whatever Fabian or drastic measures industry and business may at any time require, unless these measures be conceived in this long view, our civilization is likewise to become chronically invalidated.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG.

Gauguin's Unconscious Painting

The Letters of Paul Gauguin to Georges Daniel de Monfreid, translated by Ruth Pielkovo. Foreword by Frederick O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$3.00.

SEVERAL views of Paul Gauguin, more or less fanciful, are already available in English. In two of them the hand of the painter himself is obviously at work. And now with *The Letters of Paul Gauguin to Georges Daniel de Monfreid* we have a third self-portrait, supremely valuable to lovers of Gauguin because it is unconscious. Noa Noa, that poetical book of Tahitian memories, it must be remembered is as much the work of Charles Morice as it is of Gauguin, and it is necessarily true that a somewhat conscious idealization of the subject is to be discovered. In the *Intimate Journals of Paul Gauguin*, issued in a limited private edition a season or so ago, we have an admittedly valuable portrait of the mind of the man, but a portrait that is drawn always with the knowledge that sooner or later it will be public property. While the sincerity of Gauguin is never to be doubted, in this book it is perceptible that he takes a savage delight in shocking the bourgeoisie. But in the *Letters* we have a mass of

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matter that was never intended for publication and that would undoubtedly have wounded the writer greatly if he had ever seen it between book-covers. It is Gauguin without his armor. It is the despairing outcry of a man who sees nothing ahead but destruction.

For the superficial reader there can be nothing but disappointment in these letters, for the note they harp upon is practically a single one—the painter's abject need of money. Page after page is taken up with pitiful pleas to Monfreid to raise a few hundred francs by the sale of the Tahitian canvases. Can the friend in Paris not get fifteen art lovers to promise that each one of them will purchase one of Gauguin's paintings a year for 160 francs, thus assuring Gauguin of a yearly income of 2400 francs? Can Chaudet—a Parisian dealer—not be hurried up in his payments? The pleas are repeated time and again. Hardly a letter is not taken up with frantic appeals for money, threats of suicide, descriptions of illness. All this is dreary but at the same time it is illuminating. In the first place, it throws a sudden light upon Gauguin's painting. He cannot lay his paint on thickly for he does not possess enough money to acquire the amount of paint necessary. Neither can he paint carefully for he must finish his pictures hurriedly in order to ship them off to Monfreid and, even while he is handling the brushes, he is shaken with illness, with nervous worry and the fatalistic vision of the destruction that looms before him. These are things that one must take into consideration when viewing the 1897-1903 canvases of Gauguin. They are the work of a man whom life has crowded aside and who is inexorably disintegrating under the strain of torturous months.

No one looks for style in these letters. Neither does one look for comments on art and life. The style may be found in Noa Noa. The comments on art and life are in the pages of the Intimate Journals. Here is nothing but Gauguin, a painting done in harsh lines and with no softening colors.

In spite of the books about Gauguin already mentioned and others, too (Mr. John Gould Fletcher's readable but superficial little biography, for instance), the real book about the French painter is yet to be done. It is possibly many years too soon for such a volume, but when it is written it will present a pioneer who lost his way.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

This Freedom

This Freedom, by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$2.00.

NO reader with a temperament less easily excited to ecstasy than Mr. Hutchinson's own, will dispute him when he says, in his Postscript to *This Freedom*: "There was to have been some more of it; but there, they're in each other's arms, and one has suffered so with them one cannot any more go on. One's suffered so!" One has! *This Freedom* portrays Rosalie Occleve, a cool, talented, aloof young Englishwoman, putting up a gallant fight to pursue her career as a business woman—a conspicuously successful department-head at Field and Company's, private bankers—alongside her career as wife and mother. But after it is too late—when Huggo, her eldest, has come to a bad end, and Benji, her youngest, has thrown himself under a train in the underground for grief over his sister Doda's death from an abortion—Rosalie succumbs, and in that ecstasy of self-abnegation which, in fiction at least, brings peace, gives up her work. One suspects

that Mr. Hutchinson's intention has been defeatist all along: of course it may be true that not even an exceptional woman can bring up a family and carry on a career at the same time, but this story of Rosalie Occleve does not prove it; the evidence has been tampered with. Throughout, *This Freedom* is written with that peculiar emotional incoherence which marred the later chapters of *If Winter Comes*. There is here a hard kernel of sound characterization and interesting event blighted by an emotional instability that throws the author into gusty rhythmic prose and interlards his narrative with such incredible asides as "The thing's too poignant for the words a man has."

FLORENCE HAXTON.

Books of the Month

- Europe and Beyond
by J. A. R. Marriott. (Dutton; \$3.00)
- The Balkan Peninsula
by Ferdinand Schevill. (Harcourt; \$5.00)
- World History: 1815-1920
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- Americans by Choice
by John Palmer Gavit. (Harper; \$2.50)
- The Church in America
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- The Diary of a Journalist: Later Entries
by Sir Henry Lucy. (Dutton; \$6.00)
- The Private Diaries of Sir Algernon West
by Horace G. Hutchinson. (Dutton; \$7.00)
- The Last Harvest
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- Still Life
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- Babel
by John Cournos. (Boni & Liveright; \$2.50)
- Don Rodriguez: Chronicles of Shadow Valley
by Lord Dunsany. (Putnam; \$2.00)
- Little Plays of St. Francis
by Laurence Housman. (Sidgwick & Jackson; 10s. 6d.)

Contributors

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FLORENCE HAXTON has been a member of the editorial staff of *The Dial* and an associate editor of *Hearst's*.